

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

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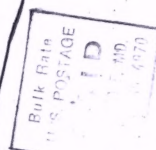
harry

Inside:

Jefferson

Airplane

Interview



What Are You Feeding Your Head?

DWARFF
Box 26
Village Sta.
New York, New York
10014

Letters



HARRY —

I'm 23 years old, have been married and have lived a little. But if this so-called newspaper is the result of my generation, I want out. It's jerks like you that drive our Country down the drain. If you've got such a gripe against everything — leave who wants crazy people running around free in the streets.

Why don't you and your "staff" grow up.

Dorothy Ruggiero
Riverdale, Md.

P.S. No wonder the voting age bill was killed.



Dear Editor:

If any of your readers are interested in becoming ordained they can write to me and I will send them the necessary information to become a minister of the Life Science Church.

Respectfully,
Paul Kitionis
2922 St. Paul St.
Baltimore, Md. 21218



Dear HARRY,

In current HARRY's you are running a "hip capitalism" insurance ad which presents us a variation of the ant-grasshopper fable. The grasshopper who has not saved for the future is banging the door to get in from the cold.

I picture a sequel where this ant smoking dope says, "Fuck dough, brother — you're welcome in." I mean what is this puritan saving shit? What is investment?

Realistically, the grasshopper may be a narc.

But does running such a devious and competitive ad help bring on the classless, socialist future?

Sincerely,
Kropotkin

Dear HARRY and readers,

Try reading HARRY in the bathroom. It makes some of life's "shittier" moments quickly pass.

Right on, HARRY.

Dominic



Dear HARRY:

Regardless of the shortage of grass and other soft drugs, I feel the almost epidemic increase in the use of smack is due to other factors. Mainly the petty capitalism inherent in small time dealing, in which a majority of the members of the so-called hip community are involved. The phrase "taking care of business" and the hustler approach to life are more at home in the society we propose to destroy or alter than in the liberated world that should be our goal.

The current social system is rooted in addiction to power, wealth, comfort. Smack is the ultimate expression of that system. Its popularity is an indication of how far some of us have come, in the wrong direction. From the initial rejection of the system some have returned to embrace its foulest principles.

Many people are hung up on creating some kind of stability or security within the context of hip society. While there is a certain tactical value to this in situations of physical oppression, as a state of mind it is the same old social bullshit we've heard for years.

I am not trying to put down anyone who is trying to help others. In an ideal human situation everyone would help each other. I am just saying that stability is not the natural framework of the living experience, and by seeking to function in a secure way, we deny ourselves the great joy and great sorrow that is our true existence.

Getting stoned is cool. Sometimes it is absolutely necessary. But smack is a fixed game. Just remember it's not the only game in town. Yippie!

On to Toronto,
Jim



Dear HARRY,

I went to an anti-war meeting a few weeks ago at Johns Hopkins. It's been bugging me ever since. When will these people stop bullshitting one another?

This meeting lasted for over four hours, and we all may as well have stayed home. The floor was monopolized by a few young dudes who seemed quite proud of the pages of figures and statistics they had compiled about government abroad and cutbacks here in the U.S. These are things most people already know. I didn't see one person who looked like they might be representing the most important group in the city — the working man. When are we going to admit that students and intellectuals aren't going to change anything in this society without the backing of the working class? They are the people who bear the brunt of everything that happens in this country, and share in very little of the good. Where are the men and women who can go into the factories, mills, and plants and talk to these people at their level and make them understand what's happening? You're not going to do it Mr. College Professor, nor are you college student because they don't trust you. When someone comes along who can get all the people behind him, that's when the revolution will begin. Whoever that person is, I don't believe he's on the scene yet, and until someone fills that role, all the demonstrations, rallies, and meetings add up to a big zero in terms of affecting any change in our society.

All power,
Bill



Dear Sirs:

As for Jude Wilder who "until recently... felt that HARRY was an intelligent, unbiased, on the level paper...." Wake up.

And for the article "Are Men Really the Enemy?" by Jayne West: In the Orthodox Jewish religion, there is an alternate prayer for Jewish women which reads "Thank God I was not born a man man." Don't we have enough prejudice in this country already?

Shalom,
Ronald J. Sweren
Western Maryland Col.

NOTICE!

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

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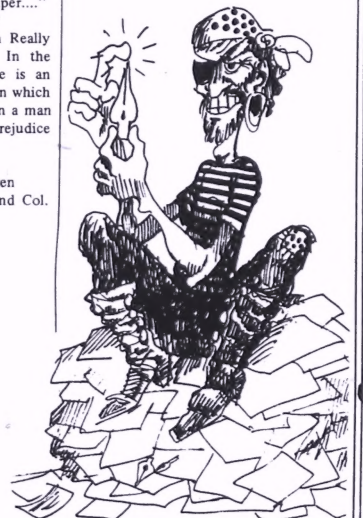
Dear Harry:

You're for the most part, a good rag, but don't let it go to your head and don't print garbage.

The article by P.J. O'Rourke on "Privacy" in the March 20 issue was one of the worst pieces of garbage I've ever read. It didn't have a point, didn't make a strong argument and wasn't even well written. As a "journalist" that dude stinks!

Be free, pull no punches, but be responsible.

Amen,
Caz



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You Can't Always Get What You Want

Deceptions in the Illicit Drug Market

For the past 3 years, we have become increasingly concerned with the fact that persons taking illicit psychedelic drugs were running great risks, not only because of the possible dangers inherent in the psychedelics themselves but also because of unknown dangers in the products imputed to be psychedelics.

We have been able to obtain a number of street drugs, marketed as psychedelics, and these have been analyzed. The 44 samples allegedly consisted of the following: 20, LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide); 6, psilocybin; 13, mescaline; 1, peyote tar; 1, MDA (3,4-methylene dioxamphetamine); 1 DET (diethyltryptamine); and 2, tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). Of the 44 samples, 10 were thought, because of similarity of size, shape, and origin, to be duplicates. Of these duplicates, five were alleged to be LSD, two psilocybin, and three mescaline.



However, it is questionable that any one sample would be the same as any other, even if said to be in the same batch. The samples represent (not completely) (i) what is now available on East Coast markets, both urban and



suburban, and (ii) the LSD available over the past 3 years in the New York area.

We have received the results of the analyses of 36 samples (Tables 1 and 2). While most of the samples said to be LSD were, actually LSD, none of the samples said to be mescaline, psilocybin, or THC were those substances. Four of the samples said to be mescaline were actually STP (2,5-dimethoxy-4-methylamphetamine). There was a wide variation in the amount of LSD and STP in the samples. The amounts of LSD were from 50 to 283 μ g (median 100 μ g) in samples that were probably thought by the users to contain about 250 μ g of LSD or a comparable quantity of mescaline.

These findings are confirmed in part by a survey by the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation in Toronto (1) of 222 samples of street drugs which were analyzed. Of

Table 1. Alleged and actual chemistry of 36 drug samples. One LSD and three mescaline samples were possible duplicates.

Alleged chemistry	Actual chemistry						None identified	Total
	LSD	Psilocybin	Mescaline	STP	MDA	Other		
LSD	14					1*		15
Psilocybin	4						1	5
Mescaline	7			4		1†	1	13
STP					1			
THC								
MDA						2*		2
Total	25			4	1	4	2	36

* Scryl (phenacylidine).

† Aspirin.

these, 23 alleged samples of mescaline contained no mescaline at all. However no STP was found, and no quantitative analyses were reported in the Toronto study.

Our findings warrant public attention for the following reasons:

1) Drugs alleged to be mescaline and psilocybin are being made illegally and sold because there is a good market for these drugs, partly because of the LSD chromosome-damage scare. Mescaline and psilocybin probably are not being made because the basic substances or starting materials are more difficult to acquire or more expensive than those from which LSD and STP are produced or because the chemical procedures for producing them are more complicated or more dangerous.

2) Many persons who would hesitate to take LSD will take mescaline or psilocybin; hence this deception is leading to more widespread use of stronger psychedelics, particularly among new and infrequent users.

3) Most of the psilocybin and mescaline samples are actually LSD. However, STP, which is a very dangerous drug that even experienced users reject, is being sold as mescaline. This new and inexperienced users may be taking STP and, believing it to be mescaline, some (particularly the most experienced older users—among whom are teenagers) will mix it with LSD. The combination of STP and LSD is likely to lead to prolonged confusional states.

4) "Magic pumpkin seeds" and "strawberry mescaline," drugs said to be mescaline but which are really STP, are now available in the illicit drug market in very large quantities. (i) The "magic pumpkin seed" is a pill shaped as an elongated oval, tapering toward the edges on both rounded surfaces, and is bright yellow in color. This product is sold to the street trade as mescaline. (ii) "Strawberry mescaline" is a round pill, about the size of an aspirin tablet, but thinner from surface to surface; it has a moderately light, reddish pink color. The color is somewhat uneven, giving nearly the appearance of a speckled surface. This product is also traded in the street as mescaline.

5) The amounts of LSD and STP vary considerably in the capsules sold (Table 2). This could be dangerous if the illicit user, failing to get much reaction from one pill, took another or several others which might contain large amounts of LSD or STP.

Publicizing these findings could (i) inform users that they are not actually being sold mescaline and psilocybin but probably more dangerous drugs; (ii)

Table 2. Amounts of LSD (seven samples) and STP (two samples) in samples analyzed.

Sample	Alleged chemistry	Actual chemistry	Amount
1	LSD	LSD	50 μ g
2	LSD	LSD	80 μ g
3	LSD	LSD	80 μ g
4	LSD	LSD	100 μ g
5	LSD	LSD	110 μ g
6	LSD	LSD	200 μ g
7	Mescaline	LSD	283 μ g
8	Mescaline	STP	3.7 mg
9	Mescaline	STP	4.8 mg

Reference and Note

1. J. A. Marshman and R. J. Gibbons. *Addictions* 16 No. 4, 22 (1969).
2. This study was initiated by the investigators at the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute who collected the illicit drugs which were analyzed by Dr. Joffe at their request.

19 January 1970



inform users that STP is frequently masked as mescaline and that large amounts of it are now available on the street market; and (iii) reduce the confidence of the users in the quality and safety, of the illegal drugs that they are buying.

FRANCES E. CHEEK
STEPHENS NEWELL
MILTON JOFFE

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Science, February 27, 1970.



"Junk is the ideal product... the ultimate merchandise. No sales talk necessary. The client will crawl through a sewer and beg to buy.... The junk merchant does not sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to his product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and simplifies the client. He pays his staff in junk."

William S. Burroughs, *NAKED LUNCH*

INDIAN COME-BACK

It's been a long time since I've seen a white face — last time I saw one really good, the bastard had rotting yellow teeth, dirty blue uniform, was firing a rusty cavalry issue Colt revolver in my way and was shouting something like, "Die you goddam yook Indian." Which I did.

We've come back now, you know. Some of us are out in the country farming, some in the city selling sacred weed (what do you think we smoke in those peace pipes, anyhow?) Our hair is long now as it was of old and we are singing the songs of what was and will be again. The people are here again to dance the Ghost Dance — "the buffalo will roam green plains, streams will run clear and free. (We are here to do the magic thing of the drum and the arrow, our magic shirts will protect us against the white man's bullets, our song will shield us from his choking factories.

Feathers will appear everywhere: on the highways, in the schools and offices — some will wear ties, other gasmasks. We will sing and plant in the offices of the Deathmen; The great Spirit will return to the cities and grass will wave on parkinglots. The council fires will burn high to light the way to a new age.

Laughing Pelican
for Ecology Web
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photo/Main

*"What kind of an age is it
When to talk of trees
Is almost a crime
Because of the crimes
It leaves unsaid!"*

—Brecht

AUTO RIP-OFF

by Louis Steinwedel

The 24th March edition of CBS TV's "Sixty Minutes" looked at a minor but typically flagrant fraud practiced upon people by benevolent, upstanding, honest-as-apple-pie American industry. CBS picked up the recent finding that bumpers on domestic cars provide complete protection in collision — providing you don't exceed 2.8 MPH — and ran some tests with new cars. Some under 10 MPH parking situation type bumps yielded repair bills from just under \$200 to nearly \$1000. In one case — the new Camaro — it was found that the design of the bumper actually contributed to increasing the damage rather than preventing it. True yankee ingenuity at its best.

Since the noxious fumes from Detroit darlings may bury us all long before the heirs to Mr. Khrushchev's famous quote get a chance to wield the shovels, it may seem insignificant and anticlimactic to dwell upon bumpers. Yet, this little episode provides some valuable insights into just how American industry really thinks beyond glossy six color smoke screen inrown up by Madison Avenue. While the captains of industry ply us with ego-satisfying ads for plastic status symbols conceived by motivational researchers probing for psychological soft spots, they are really laughing like mad at the saps from suburbia who slurp it all up without a trace of indigestion.

The basic problem is that the American economy is chained to Detroit and the automobile industry is now based on planned obsolescence, rapid replacement (i.e. greed), and easy inflation-producing credit — not to mention abominably bad taste. Characteristically, concern for its customers' lives became a factor only after Europe had developed a seven year lead in safety design.

But then on the other side of it, suppose that Detroit really did build bumpers that bump. The effects could be dis-

asterous, even subversive. CBS has had the unmitigated blasphemy to suggest on nationwide TV that the American car is fragile. Don't the minions at 485 Madison Avenue realize that if cars were built as hardy and honest as they were in the old days when they came with sturdy spring steel bumpers that they might actually last longer than the three years which Detroit calculates that it takes to pay for one. Now we certainly couldn't have that could we? If U.S. cars didn't self-destruct on schedule the demand for new cars would decrease dramatically and workers would be laid off to collect the unemployment benefits that they pay for and haven't used since 1957. They would have some spare time then to contemplate the system they work under, to walk in the country on a spring day, to listen to their children, or — the most precious sin of all to do nothing.

If the auto workers dropped out of the consumer race and bought less, other assembly lines would likewise slow down

and free more people. Thus, more people would be free to contemplate, walk, talk, or do nothing. They would eventually come to the rational conclusion that walking in the country on a spring day is preferable to driving to work on a winter morning (or any morning), and the use of automobiles would disappear. Smog and hydrocarbon pollution would evaporate from the cities, defoliated trees would grow new leaves, and the lack of demand for gasoline would shut down off shore drilling rigs and end oil slicks. Declining revenue from corporate and personal taxes would cut government income to the point that the war and other traditional American luxuries like surplus subsidies, oil depletion allowances, and tax shelter "foundations" would have to be abandoned, albeit regrettably by sad faced politicians. And all because CBS wants a bumper that bumps. It's absolutely un-American. Walter Cronkite should be tarred and rolled in the Dow Jones averages.



Ecology Forever

by Art Hoppe
reprinted from the San Francisco Chronicle

Once upon a time a young man named Irwin gave up protests. He gave up protesting Vietnam, the draft, sexually segregated rest rooms and pigs on campus. "Ecology is the one true cause!" said Irwin nobly, just like most young people of the time. "I shall devote myself to making a more beautiful world."

"Oh my beamish boy," cried his happy mother, like mothers everywhere. "I knew you'd give up those silly demonstrations and settle down to doing good."

"Everybody's for ecology, son," said his proud father, like fathers everywhere. "At least we've found a common cause that will close the generation gap."

And it did. Irwin joined the Students for Delightful Surroundings. He spent his days spearing litter with a pointy stick. And his evenings circulating petitions.

The older generation finally approved of the younger generation. Everybody was happy.

But after a year or so, Irwin and his young friends discovered that spearing litter seem somewhat joyless. And circulating petitions seems somewhat pointless. Nothing much got done.

Oh, Congress passed a few bills. The corporations talked about "corporate responsibility." The President said the local communities must do more. The local communities said Washington must do more.

So the air got smoggier, the waters fouler, the litter deeper, and the supermarkets more crowded.

"These things take time, son," said Irwin's father nervously. "At least you're doing good, dear," said Irwin's mother uneasily.

At 5:14pm the following Tuesday, the SDS staged a lie-in on the Pasadena Freeway. The resultant traffic jam, extending from Anaheim to Azusa, eventually had to be paved over.

The Nation was outraged. Editorial writers thundered: "No little band of radicals, no matter how just their cause, has the right to..."

The next day, SDS blew up 16 dams to create wild rivers, toppled 42 oil derricks to promote clean beaches and boomed every passing baby carriage in Central Park.

The following week, they dynamited every sewer in Decatur, N.J., sabotaged the No Deposit Bottle Factory in Billings, S.C., and tried to burn down the heart of Los Angeles — but they couldn't find it.

Young Irwin, home on the lam, was confronted by his tearful mother. "Why don't you quit that radical SDS, dear," she pleaded, "and join the nice, respectable Sierra Club instead?"

"Those Uncle Smeokeys!" snorted Irwin. "They just want to conserve the wilderness we've got. But we're going to make the whole country into one big wilderness!"

"But, son," pleaded his father, "think of the innocent people you're hurting in this cause of yours."

"The great thing about ecology as a cause," said Irwin happily, "is that everybody's guilty."

And with that he proceeded to set fire to the family car, tip over the family barbecue and smash up all two-and-a-half-bath house.

When he'd gone, his parents ruefully surveyed the wreckage. "I think I liked it better," said his mother with a sigh, "when he was only mad at the President, the university, the police and the Army."

Moral: The generation gap won't be closed until these exuberant young fools grow old. Or we old fools grow exuberant.

HOLY SHIT! A HELICOPTER!!

by TOM D'ANTONI

Are you paranoid enough? Do you see cops peering at you from between the cracks in the floorboard? Do you flinch when you pass a dog and you're carrying dope? Are the cops after only you? Have they been trailing you for the past three years? Well the next time you look to the clouds for solace you better duck your head and look someplace else because the Baltimore City Council has just authorized the Police Department to purchase a fucking helicopter!

Hughes Aircraft Corp. originally had the government contract for the Military O-H-6 model helicopter to be used in combat in Vietnam, but they lost it after the initial order was filled. They now have a lot of these things sitting around gathering rust, so they got this brilliant idea of selling them (after some modifications) to police departments. Commissioner Donald Pomerleau, being the automatic military freak that he is, said to himself, "Don, that bird would be great addition to my army!"

They tried a pilot project called (dig it) "Operation Jaguar." Far out. During the one month trial project which took place in September and October of 1967 the bird (vulture) participated in apprehending bank robbers, and, according to Dr. Glenn Ashburn, Director of Planning and Research for the Police Department, the copter helped "disperse a gathering in the Eastern part of the city. The police were having some problems dispersing them. The machine came over and it flashed its lights." Therefore, one of the effects the police want to accomplish is to keep the bad niggers off the streets. The quote also indicates a Stepin Fetchit mentality on the part of Ashburn, be-

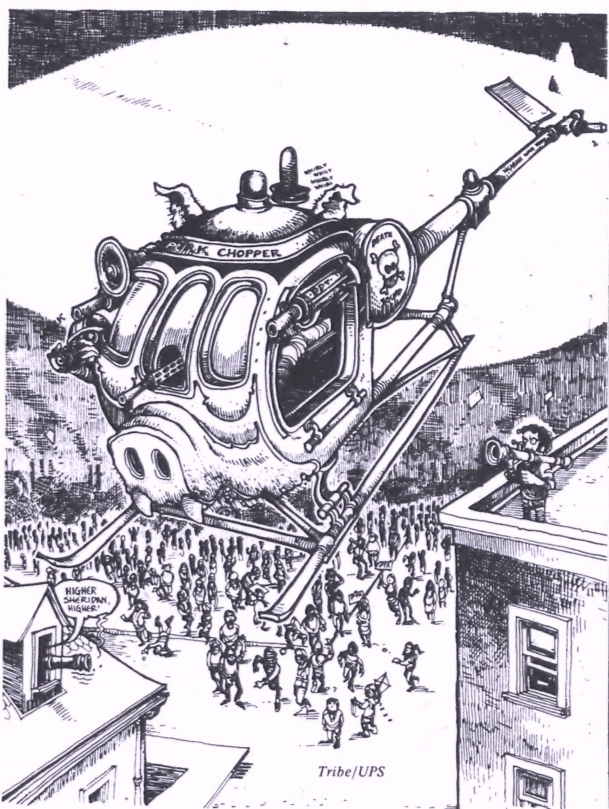
cause he indicated that the crowd dispersed when the lights were flashed. Does this mean that the people all said "Ooo these must be ghosties after us. Ooo whee I's betta move own." According to Ashburn the Jaguar report has been requested by many government agencies including the fucking Atomic Energy Commission.

Well, since we know what it'll be used for (we knew anyway didn't we) let's look at what it'll be equipped with; (all specifications taken from a Baltimore City document with a cover letter signed by Neal L. Heintz, Chief, Bureau of the Budget and Management Research).

1. Self sealing gas tanks capable of withstanding .30 calibre projectile hole.
2. Armor plating capable of withstanding .30 calibre armor piercing projectile.
3. Electro-optical Xenon light system for night operations.
4. Personnel Hoist
5. Flotation gear.
6. PA system and siren.

I assume the rocket launchers and machine guns will be added at a later date. Tactical Nuclear weapons will probably be used to smoke 'em out - god-damned hippie faggots. It is still a rumor that the Maryland Port Authority is purchasing a nuclear submarine and that the Airport Board is buying surplus ABM's.

At a recent City Council meeting, Hyman Pressman, city comptroller, spoke gleefully of the copter (or chopper as he put it). His voice became progressively louder and higher in pitch as he continued - reaching a crescendo as he told of an instance where during the 1968 Black Easter Rebellion a copter pilot saw "a fire bombing of a store and then those involved were running in all sorts of various directions so that anybody on the



ground couldn't see where they were going. But from the helicopter he saw them regrouping a good many blocks away. They apparently decided to regroup somewhere else. This was all pre-arranged. Someone on the ground just wouldn't see this."

Right on Hymie - you'll fix them uppity niggers yet.

Consider the possibilities for the copter:

1. Aside from firearms it could be used in tear gassing large areas (as it was in Berkeley.)

2. The sound from the motors (approximately 100 decibels - louder than most rock bands) could be used as a weapon.

3. It could be used to herd people the way it is used to herd cattle. One sight of that motherfucker with its siren wailing, its lights flashing and PA system blasting (not to mention whatever armaments it may be using) coming at me is going to do more than freak me, man. I'm going to get the fuck out of wherever I am quick!

Oh, but I'm not paranoid about it. Are you?

The International Guiding Light

by C. CATHARSIS

Even to one in the process of dropping out, middle class, yellow vinyl America can put you up tight. But, behind that monolithic, red brick facade of Baltimore, there is a new spot that spawns warmth, truth and light.

It is the International Guiding Light at 17 S. Broadway. I was there last weekend. I parked my car out front and I took a look at the purple exterior. When one looks up and down the length of Broadway, there is no question as to which building houses the International Guiding Light.

Once inside, I scrutinized the art work done by Iano Valentino, which, even though unfinished, was wildfire. Bob Hieronimus is going to paint good vibes on the outside.

Ken Lieberman, mentor of the IGL, introduced me to everyone: and while he showed me around we talked about the purpose of IGL.

The Guiding Light is for people who are strung out. (As a matter of fact, we all fall short of the inner peace we crave.) There are two parts.

There is a restaurant serving health food. Sure there are too many chemicals in the water of life. Well, here is a chance to give one's body a break even if it is only once a week. The menu includes a regular health diet and a macrobiotic diet.

There is a meditation center. To spread love, and I mean all three kinds - eros, philos, and apape; and to practice a gentle, non-grabbing, non-materialistic judgement of others requires self-purification. At the IGL meditation center, purification comes through the discipline of meditation in the good company of others. If one isn't familiar with the discipline, IGL will show you how.

One facet the meditation center will be trying to focus upon is faith healing. Ken explained that within each one of us there is potential healing energy untapped for the most part. The center recognizes a need to have this energy out and working within people.

The restaurant has its grand opening Sunday, April 5th, at 5pm. And later Sunday night at 8:30 the meditation center tunes up.

The word from Fells Point is right on.



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RICHARD H. FLAX

Save the Priest

by CHRISTOPHER MAVERGEORGE

When you join the Navy, do you give up your rights under the Constitution? L. Mendel Rivers, the Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, thinks so. At least for Seaman Roger L. Priest who publishes his own newspaper off-base, in his off-duty time, and using his own resources, and who is being court-martialed by the Navy. He has had fourteen charges filed against him, including one specification that he "used contemptuous words against L. Mendel Rivers." Is this why "the Navy was acting to appease Rivers when it ordered Priest court-martialed," as reported in Jack Anderson's nationally syndicated column. Rivers, by the way, is probably the chief champion in Congress for the military and for the military budget, and uses the immense powers of his post for the military's instant gratification by getting them anything they want.

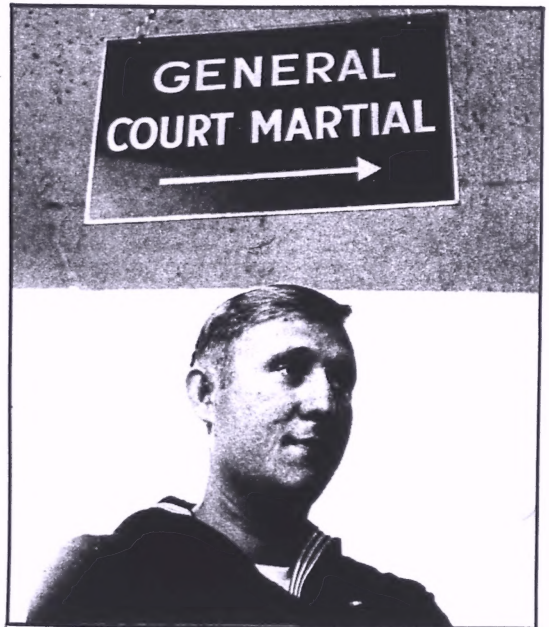
The views Priest prints in his paper are unorthodox for a military man, and the military brass didn't like what he wrote, and the Congressman told the Navy to "silence him." Priest expressed, for instance, his views about the war in Vietnam and even announced a plan for a G.I. referendum on Vietnam, asking ser-

vicemen whether they believe in U.S. troops should be withdrawn. But the crime committed by Roger Priest, and for which he could be jailed for 39 years, and the reason for his being court-martialed is that he voiced opinions on foreign and domestic affairs that are unpopular with the United States Navy, generally, and L. Mendel Rivers, specifically.

The First Amendment to the Constitution states "Congress shall make no law ... abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." There is nothing in it that excludes members of the armed forces. There is nothing in it that makes members of the armed forces less than full citizens.

So the Constitution does not demand that soldiers sacrifice their right to free speech for their country. Mendel Rivers demands. And is only too happy to decide that in this case it's a sacrifice the soldier should make. But the soldier decided that the sacrifice he should make is to exercise his right.

If after April 14 at "0900 hours," the date of the Court-Martial, this man's right to free speech is abridged (or, in more familiar phraseology, he is "silenced") you may not be the next, but you're somewhere on the list.



O SIGH... O SOB

DRAFT CRUMBLES

There are major factors coming together that are beginning to impede the ability of the National Selective Service System (SSS) to function. The following are twelve major reasons the SSS is in trouble. Pay particular attention to point six. One of the places "draft dodging" is centered in "flunking the physical". The fantastic increase in the 1-Y category (737,000 men in two years) can in large part be attributed to unwillingness to serve in Vietnam. In the same period physical standards of the military have gone down not up. Point five is also important but not measurable. People doing draft counseling are aware that large numbers of poor kids simply are not registering. The SSS has no organized way of tracking them down.

1. Court cases involving induction refusal are backed up in almost all major cities. San Francisco has by far the biggest backlog of cases, over 2,000. Thousands of cases are backed up (backed up means that arrests, indictments and trials are very slow in coming if at all) in Los Angeles, Phila. (200+ cases awaiting indictment) New York City, Boston and Chicago (100+ cases awaiting indictment). In Minneapolis, one of the few urban areas where aggressive prosecutions are going on, draft cases make up over 50% of Federal criminal prosecutions.

2. Destruction of Draft Files has had

major effects in Catonsville, Maryland, Milwaukee, Wisc, Chicago, Silver Springs Maryland, Los Angeles, Calif, New York City, Boston and Indianapolis. Bombings and fires have also had some effect in slowing SSS operations.

3. The lottery is a mess. Fifteen states can't meet their February call. Nineteen year olds (men reaching 19 after Jan. 1, 1970) were left out. They are, for many boards, a large percentage of the men drafted. The pool of men as the law was written is too small to fill calls for the year without going through all the numbers, ending issuance of new deferments, or lowering calls.

4. Ten thousand men a year are going to Canada.

5. Nobody knows how many guys aren't registering. An educated guess would be that there are 50,000 to 100,000 nonregistrants in the country.

6. Between Oct. 31, 1967 and Oct. 31, 1969 there was a net increase in the 1-Y category of 737,000 men while the number examined per year has risen only slightly. (These are SSS figures taken from Selective Service magazine)*. These men can't be called anytime but in national emergency, and are rejected from service for physical, mental or moral reasons. We believe these figures reflect widespread attempts by men to go in and "flunk the physical". These attempts range

from getting strong medical evidence from doctors as to physical disability (the induction center is famous for taking any body that breathes); to going in stoned on drugs or faking insanity. Attempts to get 1-Ys are extremely widespread.

7. Between October 31, 1967 and Oct. 31, 1969 serious delinquencies went up 108% from 15,200 to 31,700 nationally. Again this is mostly attributable to generalized anti-war sentiment. These are many times poor working class kids who don't know about draft counseling or don't know

where to get it. This is many times their expression of not wanting to go to Vietnam.

8. Between Oct. 31, 1967 and Oct. 31, 1969 the total number of Conscientious Objectors recognized by SSS increased 30% from 23,800 to 34,400. The number of guys applying we estimate is at least three or four times that many.

9. The draft counseling network nationally has helped men to appeal for some "rights" under the SSS law. From Oct. 31, 1967, to Oct. 31, 1969 the category of "Personal appearance and appeals in process" rose from 15,200 to 28,000, an increase of 86%.

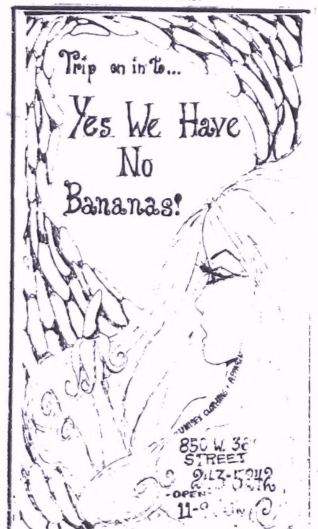
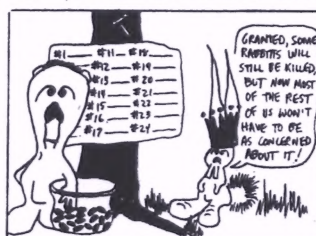
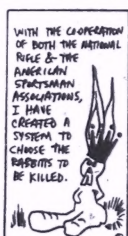
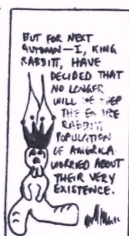
10. The Supreme Court (and lower courts) have significantly broken up Hershey's feudal empire. Registrants can now enjoin draft boards before being forced to refuse induction

(Green decision 1-26-70). Draft Boards can no longer use the delinquency system (Gutknecht 1-19-70) they must threaten prosecution or simply ask compliance. They can no longer speed up induction.

11. In the courts draft defendants are taking the offensive. Many are defending themselves, some are being acquitted by juries. Many are winning acquittals based on inequities in the SSS law. Men are also demanding juries of their peers and are beginning to challenge judges who profit from the war in outside financial interests.

12. Finally, once the men are drafted they do not necessarily follow all the orders. Draftees (and enlisted men) in the service are leaving at a fast rate—150,000 AWOLs, 50,000 desertions (AWOL over 30 days or AWOL in a danger zone) in 1968, figures will show much higher 1969 rates. Most important GIs are organizing themselves on their own bases (there are now over 50 underground base papers GIs are putting out).

reprinted from WIN —CADRE



U. M. WAKES UP

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

That huge silent sleeping giant down the road may have started to wake up. The University of Maryland at College Park, long known for its jocks, juicers and racists has just had its first recent student protest of any magnitude.

It started when two popular philosophy professors were refused tenure (in other words fired). This action followed the canning of three other popular instructors. The basic objection by the students was not that the instructors were fired — but that the students had no voice in determining who receives tenure and who does not.

Finally fed up with being ignored, the students took to the streets on Monday March 23 — well they took to the campus and occupied a building — Skinner building. The occupants numbered as many as 250 at one point and ranged in outlook from the Campus Christian Fellowship chaplain to the cache of campus radicals extant at U.M.

Despite having several other alternatives, the university administration chose to call in 150 police state Police in full riot dress (with espantoots drawn). According to HARRY correspondent Tom Winer, "eighty-seven were arrested, and from the U.P.I. info I got only one 'leader' was jailed, a woman. The other chiefs, who had been yelling 'Whatever we do, we'll do it together,' miraculously escaped the long arm." It seems there was a debate on tactics earlier in the demonstration.

One student was arrested and charged with assault for throwing a rock at the departing police cars. The others were charged with simple trespass. Winer said he talked with a friend of the student arrested for assault who said the student did not throw it. Other conversations with eyewitnesses have produced the fact that *somebody* threw a rock. The cops had to arrest someone.

University officials claimed that there was damage to the building, that the vending machines were smashed and that the sandwich ovens were damaged. I talked with a member of WMUC, the campus radio station, who said charges were false. Winer talked with "several objective reporters" who "turned up a statement, 'no evidence of substantial damage.'"

The next day 500 angry students filled the Student Union Auditorium for a planned Faculty Senate meeting. Stu-

dents, after a mild hassle, had the topic of amnesty for the 87 arrested placed on the agenda. After Wilson Elkins, president of the University, said that the matter was "out of my hands" and a faculty member replied "It is an unreal world to say it is out of our hands." The Senate recessed until Thursday, March 24.

The Thursday meeting — on the day before spring vacation — filled the campus armory with 2500 students. The 87 had requested that the students remain quiet during the Senate proceedings and this was done. A resolution was presented asking that Elkins do everything in his power to gain amnesty for those arrested.

Elkins, who was chairing the meeting, violated, according to observers well versed in parliamentary procedures, four primary rules of order including allowing a substitute motion to be presented at the wrong time. This substitute motion, presented by Dean Carmingham of the Law School would have, in effect, denied amnesty.

At this point Tom Jackson, one of the protest leaders, spoke to the situation. "I have gone to committee meetings, and I have not accomplished a damned thing. Today I see a very grievous thing happening here; I see men who are supposed to be reasonable men refusing to act with reason to the problem. I see men who are supposed professors, charging, pushing, my fellow students on beyond the point where they can go. We are now engaged in a debate over whether or not this university will be continued as it is now, because those people back there are not going to sit down and continue to be berated, to continue not to be heard. We came here to be heard, to speak rationally with you. We came here as we came to Skinner building, to engage in rational discussion and you refused to hear us." As one of the people at WMUC said, the administration is radicalizing a lot of people.

The substitute motion passed 85 to 58. The final affront to the students came when Elkins railroaded an adjournment motion through.

Following the meeting a group of students occupied the administration building, but left when the threat of police action was raised by the campus Safety Superintendent.

It will be interesting to watch what happens when the students return from the Spring vacation.



THE DAY WE PAINTED THE TELEPHONE POLES

By G.I. JOHN

March 10, 1970 - Today was another typical Army day. After getting up to the lovely voice of our lifer-in-charge and then having a hearty breakfast of cold french toast and fresh eggs (with egg shell added for crunch) we all assembled for our 0700 hours police call. This is where grown men all walk in a line, being led onward by our lifer-in-charge to pick up all paper, cans, garbage, and butts that are on the ground. If you want to see it, go to any base at 0700. It's a thousand laughs.

Well, anyway, it was time to go to work after the police call and today we are supposed to paint telephone poles yellow from the ground to 6 feet above the ground. This is so the men won't walk into the poles at night, I'm told, and is an important safety feature. However, I have yet to see a telephone pole or tree or anything else painted yellow in Philadelphia, Trenton, or any place else. Aren't city officials concerned about safety?

Our first sergeant told our lifer-in-charge that there was yellow paint in the paint shed. So up we went to the paint shed to start the endless job of painting. However, when we got there, we found no yellow paint. We looked at every can. Nothing. I suggested that the lifer-in-charge go back and tell the first sergeant that there was no yellow paint here.

FROM DISTANT DRUMMER

"What!!" he yelled, "I should go down and call the first sergeant a liar? If the first sergeant said there's paint here, then it's here."

So the search continued. After stopping for lunch we again returned to the paint shed (we've only been up there four hours) to keep looking. "It's got to be here somewhere."

Then I made the suggestion that perhaps if we took a can of gray paint, cross-out the "gray" on the front of the can, and write "yellow"....Oh well. Finally we were told to go back to the barracks and "hang loose" till the lifer-in-charge found out what was going on. So we "hung loose" for three hours till 4:30, when we got off to go home. (The Lifer never came back.)

As I drove past the gate, leaving for home, I looked over at the orderly room and happened to see two men carrying two big cans of yellow paint. It seems the paint had arrived a day late, so was never in the paint shed.

I just looked at them as they walked into the orderly room. What can you say? □



"Oh, General, how thoughtless of me! Of course I didn't mean that all war is a terrible thing!"

© PUNCH

Grant Park: Thurs Aug 29, 1968

Green air, Children sat under trees with the old,
bodies bare, eyes open to eyes under the hotel wall,
The ring of brown-clothed bodies armed but silent
leaned on their rifles —

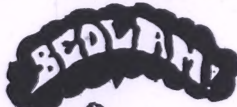
Harsh sound of Mikrophones, helicopter roar —
A current in the belly, future Marches & Detectives
naked in bed —

Where? — on the Planet, not Chicago, in late sunlight —
Miserable picnic,

Police State or Garden of Eden?
In the building windowed, walled against the sky
Magicians exchange images, Vote-Money & handshakes —
the teargas drifted up to the Vice President naked in
the bathroom

— on the toilet taking a shit weeping?
Who wants to be President of the Garden of Eden?

Allen Ginsberg



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MYSTIC

COMMUNES

by Stanley Krippner and Don Fersh
reprinted from *The Modern Utopian*

Communal living, an ingrained heritage in the United States since the Transcendental Movement of the 1820's, is undergoing a dramatic revival. Intentional communities have been featured in the popular press and in other forms of mass media. Contemporary communes are as numerous and diverse as were those of the Fourierists, Shakers, Morvains, Zorites, Perfectionists, and Spiritualists. American contra-cultural communities, in which people with common interest and values live and work together, offer alternatives in living style to the general cultural way of life and to the minority subcultures. Amish and Mennonite commun-

With some exceptions, the unstructured communities are generally "open" in that virtually anyone may visit the commune and stay as long as he likes. The more highly structured the commune, the more likely it is to be "closed" in that the aspiring member must be approved by the residents of the community or must undergo a "trial period" before he is granted full membership.

Examples of the less structured secular communes we visited include Holiday (located in California's Santa Cruz mountain range), Wheeler's (near Sebastopol, Calif.), the Road no. 721 Commune (near Mendocino Calif.), Krishna (in a Californian state park on Mt. Shasta), South Fork (on California's Sacramento River), and Placitas (near Placitas, N.M.).

HOLIDAY

Holiday is a commune where the inhabitants practice nudity and live in comfortable bungalows; the drugs most widely used appeared to be marijuana, opiated hashish, and methamphetamine (i.e., Methedrine or "speed"). Of the ten girls living in Holiday, six were pregnant; polygamous relationships are common and children are regarded as "children of the commune." A newcomer is asked not for his name but for his birth sign. Most of the inhabitants have an extremely superficial understanding of astrology yet take paranormal planetary influence upon human behavior for granted. The newcomer's birth sign seems to be used as a means to "pigeonhole" the stranger and as a base upon which to initiate — or avoid — a relationship.

and meditate. Spiritual growth is the goal of the community; no alcohol or drugs are allowed and a prospective member must undergo a month-long trial after which unanimous consent of the group is needed if the prospective member is to stay.

MORNING STAR RANCH

A large wooden cross marks the entrance to Morning Star Ranch, a commune owned and operated by Lou Gottlieb, a noted bass player and actor. Wheeler's commune, an offshoot of Morning Star, is located in the same area. Gottlieb's mystical philosophy is outlined in a printed statement in which he claims that: *God has revealed the true meaning of original sin. Exclusive ownership of land is original sin, and man commits original sin when he slices up his Mother*

COMMUNE	NUMBER OF INHABITANTS	OPEN OR CLOSED	SEXUAL LICENSE	DRUG USAGE	RELIGIOUS ORIENTATION
Avenda	20	closed	little	little	Yogic
Castalia	20	closed	some	much	Leage for Spiritual Discovery
Drop City	25	closed	some	some	"Mystical"
Five Star	20	open	little	some	"Mystical Christian"
Hog Farm	80	open	some	some	"Mystical"
Holiday	15	open	much	much	"Mystical"
Krishna	10	open	little	none	"Mystical"
Lama	70	closed	little	none	Yogic
Libre	12	closed	little	little	"Mystical"
Morning Star	30	open	much	much	"Mystical Christian"
Morning Star East	20	open	some	much	"Mystical Christian"
New Buffalo	35	closed	some	little	"Mystical"
Now House	25	closed	little	none	"Mystical Christian"
Placitas	25	closed	some	some	"Mystical"
Road no. 721	12	open	some	some	"Mystical"
South Fork	20	open	some	some	"Mystical"
USCO	12	closed	little	some	"Mystical"
Wheeler's	12	open	much	much	"Mystical"

ities have existed for decades and have fostered life styles with distinctly religious casts. The so called "hippie" communities have emerged only within the past few years and have been populated primarily by alienated young people who, for the most part claim to have had personal and social insights from their use of such drugs as marijuana, LSD, mescaline, and peyote.

During 1967, 1968, and 1969 we visited 18 of these communities and observed three basic organizational patterns:

1. The secular commune which is relatively unstructured and which functions with a minimum of administration.
2. The secular commune, which is relatively structured and which operates within an administrative framework.
3. The structured, highly-organized religious commune.

The more structured communes visited included USCO (near Occidental, Calif.) Drop City (near Trinidad, Colo.), Libre (on top of Greenhorn Mountain near Gardner, Colo.), Castalia (near Millbrook, N.Y.), Lama (in Corrales, N.M.), Morning Star East and New Buffalo (near Arroyo Hondo, N.M.), Five Star (near Rancho De Taos, N.M.), and the Hog Farm (in Llano, N.M.).

We also spent time in a number of structured religious communities — California's Now House and New York's Avenda Ashram. In addition, we interviewed members of several other communal groups (e.g., the Grateful Dead, the Living Theater, student communes in Oregon and New York, and draft resistance communes in Boston and New York City). Several of the communes have closed (e.g., the Morning Star Ranch and Castalia) or have moved (e.g., USCO) since our visit.

The popular press and mass media have depicted these new communal settings as havens of sexual license, illegal drug usage, and pseudo-religious activity. However, those mystic communes we visited displayed no stereotyped pattern; the following summary presents our impressions of these communes.

One common element which permeated the great variety of the communities we visited was the report of paranormal experience. Incidents of a purported telepathic, clairvoyant, precognitive, or psychokinetic nature were so much a part of the daily life in these communities that it soon became apparent that the communes would present a splendid milieu for parapsychological investigations. Several illustrations may be given which demonstrate the incorporation of the paranormal into the communal life and style.

ROAD NO. 721

The Road no. 721 commune is composed of people who live in cars and lean-tos. Nudism is practised and the meals are cooked communally. The commune usually is defunct during the winter and springs to life in the summer. The natural setting of the commune fosters a type of pantheism in which God is found in all forms of life; as a result, paranormal communication — with animals and birds as well as with humans — is taken for granted.

KRISHNA

Life at the Krishna commune is punctuated by rumors of UFO sightings and by stories of Lemurians — a subterranean people who are supposedly the descendants of a lost continent's survivors. Meditation is the preferred method of entering altered states of consciousness and several spontaneous instances of psi were mentioned by the commune members. The nearby South Fork commune, a frequent stopping point for young people on their way to Canada, is tightly organized under the spiritual and administrative leadership of an ex-army sergeant. "Astral travel" and other psi phenomena are reported.

NOW HOUSE

Inhabitants of the Now House view the utopian community as a group of people who are attempting to establish a new social pattern based upon a vision of the ideal society and who have withdrawn themselves from the culture at large to embody that vision in experimental form. Organized by a young man who claims to have direct communication with Christ, Now House is located in a forest near an old Indian meeting ground where members of the commune pray

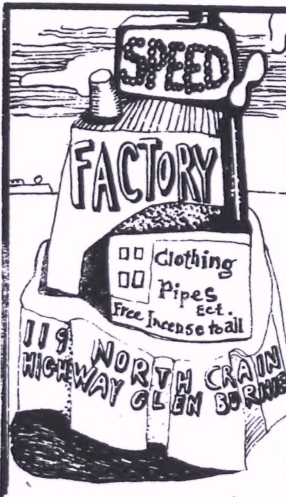
Earth's "sweet flowing breast" in order to buy and sell the pieces.

Gottlieb claims that he has never invited anybody to his ranch nor expelled anyone from it; the openness of this community has encouraged settlement by a number of "winos" and "speed-freaks" as well as by "heads" who prefer psychedelic drugs to alcohol or the amphetamines. The users of liquor appear to exhibit frequent hostile behavior; their propensity to start fights, as well as the nudism practiced by most inhabitants of the commune, result in lawsuits filed by the local citizenry. The most recent of these



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lawsuits, tried in court late in 1969 resulted in Gottlieb's conviction; the commune closed its doors and its fate is in doubt.

DROP CITY

Although not highly structured, Drop City exhibits more stability than many of the California communes which appear to be temporary havens or summer encampments. Founded by a number of ex-students from the University of Denver, Drop City pioneered the use of the Buckminster Fuller geodesic domes — in this instance, built from used lumber covered with flattened steel salvaged from wrecked cars. Farming is attempted but is difficult due to the dry terrain.

As Drop City began to attract a larger number of teenage runaways, thrill-seekers, and sightseers, a few of its inhabitants decided to move to nearby Greenhorn Mountain. Under the name of Libre, they formed a non-profit corporation and bought 400 acres. At the time of our visit, Libre consisted of four artists, their wives, and their children. Each family

one of the deer to sacrifice himself, vowing that the energy gained from his flesh will be used for creative and constructive pursuits by Libre. Without fail, according to the hunter, one deer will move away from the others and will remain still until he is shot.

Childbirth at Libre is also ritualized, a local midwife and doctor come to the community. The entire group is present as the baby is delivered. Whenever possible, the delivery is accomplished outside — "under the sun or the moon" — with the inhabitants chanting to welcome the infant into his new environment.

As the child grows up, he is encouraged to relate his dreams to the rest of the commune. Varied interpretations are made of the dream reports, much as has been done for centuries by the Senoi Tribesmen of Malaysia. One mother claims that her child has such well-developed ESP ability that the mother needs only to mentally request that the girl come to her and the child appears within minutes. At the present time, Libre has inaugurated a school for local high school drop-outs. One of the books used is

Taos, New Mexico, actually outnumbers the local Taosenos townspeople. *Time* magazine described the local reaction to the new inhabitants:

Taosenos complain of the hippies' immorality, drug abuse and public nudity, but the complaints have proved largely illusory. A more realistic reason for the rancor is the fact that as many as 25% of local residents — most of whom are Mexican Americans — are unemployed and may resent the white middleclass hippies' obvious flouting of the American ideal. "They are making fun of our poverty and our fight for survival," says Francis Quintana, a local school principal. Another explanation is that local entrepreneurs fear the hippies will hurt Taos largest industry, tourism. "Tourists don't want to come and share the venereal disease and hepatitis with us," said Mrs. Beverly Gonzales, wife of a Taos merchant. In fact, tourism is thriving, and the hippies have brought no epidemics with them. What they have brought is an economic boomlet, by injecting nearly half a million dollars into the local economy with their land purchases alone.

The residents estimate that they produce approximately 2,000 adobe bricks per month for construction purposes. Like its precursor in California, Morning Star East adheres to a religious outlook which can be dubbed "mystical Christianity."

FIVE STAR

Five Star consists of three general areas; the White House (a large building which houses the residents), a parking lot for cars, trucks, and visitors equipment, and the hot springs. Animals roam into all three areas; during our visit, we noted several donkeys, goats, dogs, and chickens. Nearby Indians frequently join the nude bathing activities at the hot springs. The Indians claim that the new residents have brought good luck to the area and assert that the spring water — which had been cool when the land was owned by people who tried to turn it into a resort — warmed up when the Five Star people arrived.

Unfortunately, not all the new residents of New Mexico have such pleasant relationships with their neighbors. Prensky and Gardner in an article which was widely circulated in the underground press, states:

People in the cities ought to know... about how hippies are being persecuted out here, about how the Indians and Chicano people feel about this huge influx of freaks, about the lands and the traditions, which are a part of this place, and which our people — in their well-meaning ignorance — too often ignore... The annual Fiesta in Taos, which is an important source of income for Indian and Chicano people in the area... has been called off this year on the pretext that there would be too many hippies here and that this would constitute a "health menace." Meanwhile, in Truchas, some 40 miles southeast of Taos, the principal of the high school required students to make anti-hippie posters, and teachers exhorted children to throw rocks at hippies. People in Truchas, by the way, were angry for at least one very good reason... Hippies came to Truchas and started washing their clothes and taking baths in the drinking water... Unfortunately, our people have made the same mistake here that we made on the Lower East Side and in the Haight. We don't bother to get to know our neighbors, to

Cont. on page 12



has its own geodesic dome and a community rule states that the domes cannot be within sight of any other dome, for reasons of beauty and privacy.

LIBRE

The inhabitants of Libre have attained a measure of success and recognition as creative artists (e.g., one is a published novelist, another has exhibited at the Corcoran Gallery). During a concert and lecture tour of the East coast, Libre's inhabitants visited the Maimonides Dream Laboratory and participated in a number of pilot sessions, two of which may be briefly summarized:

First session: Six of the Libre adults and two of the children went into the laboratory's sound-proof room while a laboratory assistant attempted to send an image by telepathic means. The assistant entered an office, noticed an electric calculator, and concentrated upon it for five minutes. When the subjects in the sound-proof room were queried, it was discovered that a "group image" had emerged of a "machine" on which there was "buttons."

Second session: A staff member attempted to send the subjects the image of a bridge. This time, each member of the group was questioned individually. Of the six individuals who reported imagery, two mentioned "bridge" and one mentioned "suspension bridge."

The living style at Libre is one that involves incorporation of the paranormal into daily rituals. One member of the community, "Peter Rabbit," does all of the commune's hunting during the deer season. When he discovers a number of deer, he reportedly "talks" with them, asking

Dreams, the first book on the scientific study of sleep written for children; an entire chapter of the book is devoted to the investigation of paranormal dreams. In addition, the *I Ching* is often consulted by both adults and children.

NEW BUFFALO

New Buffalo is a community which lives in adobe houses and which does extensive farming, using astrological time-tables to plant their crops... The inhabitants often utilize the Tarot cards to ascertain future events and the Ouiji Board to communicate with discarnate entities. AT one point, they contacted a living person who purportedly resides in Mexico. As usual in these cases, no attempts were made to substantiate the event.

PLACITAS

The leader of the Placitas (N.M.) commune, Ulysses S. Grant (purportedly a reincarnation of the general), has become involved in a land grant dispute and may have to relocate his group in an alternative site. Hundreds of hippie-type individuals have been leaving California due to the earthquake they feel is imminent. Interviews with some of these transients revealed a sense of their own impending doom which they appeared to have externalized. However, it would be an oversimplification to say that unconscious forces are the only cause of the concern; some individuals have made a sincere investigation of prophetic literature and feel that there is a great likelihood of California "sliding into the sea" at some point during the next few years. In any event, the number of ex-Californians in

Problems with towns-people plague many intentional communities. Collier describes the fate of one commune which lived in a large tree house:

The worst opposition has come from the local drinking crowd. One night when the group had gone off... to visit a similar organization, some of the drunks went to the ridgetop with cans of gasoline and burned down the tree house. The members of the commune returned to find only the blackened stump of the huge tree.

NEW MEXICAN COMMUNES

Four other communities in New Mexico were visited: Morning Star East (a branch of Morning Star in California, also organized by Lou Gottlieb), Five Star (also referred to as White House), Lama (a community in which each member specializes in some aspect of the paranormal), and the Hog Farm (members of which gained national publicity during the 1969 Woodstock music festival for handling free food and caring for hundreds of young people who were having problems following the ingestion of black market drugs). The inhabitants of these communities who are literary minded make pilgrimages to the nearby ranch and grave of the novelist D.H. Lawrence.

MORNING STAR EAST

Morning Star East, originally settled in April 1969, consists of 35 acres and about the same number of permanent residents. Even more individuals live in the nearby areas; one family, for example, has built a stilt house on an island in the Hondo River. The residents of Morning Star have constructed a communal kitchen and a number of adobe structures.

THE INVOLUEMENT



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Coke & Sympathy : TAKING A LITTLE TEA WITH PAUL AND GRACE

by MICHAEL CARLINER

The Jefferson Airplane played for three hours to an ecstatic Civic Center audience.

There were some hassles from the cops, but we're learned, or should have learned, to find joy amidst a climate of repression. Without the capacity to do so, our culture has no hope of survival.

After the concert, a crew of HARRY people talked to Grace Slick and Paul Kantner. Also present were reporters from Third Ear, a Washington-based music publication; and two men representing themselves as being from the Dundalk Eagle and the News American. These last two asked most of the questions, since the rest of us were too stoned and not obnoxiously aggressive enough.

The dressing room atmosphere was tired, but friendly and happy. In fact, it was beautiful.

Paul Kantner talks a little like David Brinkley. Everybody knows how Grace sounds, but close-up she seems warmer and more human than on stage.

There was more, but the tape wasn't very clear, and our blown minds were even less clear.



"Perverted stuff?"

revolution," but when the cops start dragging one guy off, they just stand there.

Grace: Understand this — if people started climbing over there, and doing stuff, you could get a lot of people shot. How bright is that over a rock and roll concert?

Paul: Not really. Not out here, they wouldn't shoot anybody out here. The cops get into a situation, and they're a little paranoid for awhile, and they see that everybody's just moving around, and they see it's cool.

Q: In the song revolution....

Paul: We were celebrating the total falling apart of American society — structurally. The post office system, the telephone system, the Army, the Navy, the Pentagon, the government, each state capital....

Q: When you were talking about revolution....

Paul: It's already happened. We're just talking about it.

Q: I was thinking about revolting against the draft, pulling out of Vietnam....

Paul: Most of the young people don't think about that any more. They've already done it. They're doing other things. They don't care about it any more.

Q: They're supporting things like the Black Panthers and the, uh....

Paul: They're not supporting them. They're friends with them. Nobody's supporting anyone any more, they're living.

Q: But this revolution....

Grace: You're in it. This is it, Man.

Paul: It's already happened. It's in the head.

Q: The Socialist revolution....

Paul: Socialist? I don't know what that means. Communist, Socialist, Nihilist, American, Chinese, Bolivian, it's all words.

Grace: There's a line in Paul's song that says, "We are forces of chaos and anarchy." We mean chaos and anarchy, not some different system, some different organization.

Q: I'm talking about the kind of revolution that SDS talks about.

Paul: You're talking about that, we're not.



Grace (referring to Altamont): It was a city for a day of 300,000 and one guy got killed, but it didn't have anything to do with the concert or the set-up of the sound system. The rotten thing about it was that the Hell's Angels were clubbing people over the head. There are guys all over the country clubbing people over the head every day, all the time. And usually the number of people who get clubbed over the head is even larger, in an area of 300,000 people in that proximity. Nobody hears about it. It's just that you hear about Altamont because of the people who were playing there and because of the mass that was in small area.

Paul (on repression in U.S. and revolution in France): Consider what the penalties in France were for crimes and what the possible penalties for probably 90% of the people in this building for what they have in their pockets are — they can get two years in jail for a first offense.... It's like having a law against milk. You've got a whole generation of people whose government is saying, "You can't drink milk or you go to jail for two years." What kind of respect will they have for the government. And it goes over into every field.

Q: Would you be in favor of other drugs beyond marijuana?

Paul: I'm not in favor of anything now because there's nothing to be in favor of. I'm in favor of taking care of myself the best way I know how. I'm not in favor of telling anybody what to do, what to take, what not to take. Take what you want and know what you're taking, and know what it does to you.

Q: How come?

Paul: Why not?

Q: What about needles?

Paul: I don't use needles. The doctor chased me around his office when I was two years old for an injection, and I have hated needles ever since. They make me throw up. That's all I have to say about needles.

Grace: He doesn't even want to talk about it.

Paul: They make me sick. When I see a needle in a movie going into somebody's arm I have to eat my popcorn or something. I really shudder.

Grace: Roll up your sleeve.

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Q: Do you think there will be any more Woodstocks?

Grace: I don't know 'cause I'm not a promoter. It's possible.

Q: Do you think the thing in Canada will get together?

Grace: They're a bit idealistic. They're mostly talking about love and peace and all that kind of stuff, which is really nice, but there are things that are practical — like you've got to have that many toilets for that many people.

They might be able to do it if they can get it all together and organize it with people who are used to organizing things. It might work, but so far the level that they're talking about it still up here — in the clouds somewhere — and you can't do that anymore because you have a million people, and you gotta do something with them. You've got to feed them, you've got to take care of them. You can't just say, "Come on in. It's cool." It isn't cool. It's stupid.

They [the organizers of the proposed festival who visited the Airplane in San Francisco] are really nice people, beautiful cats, the people we talked to. We weren't annoyed. We were just trying to be practical and take their ideas that are cloudlike, and bring them into a practical area.



Jack Cassidy



Q: Don't you feel you have a responsibility to keep a certain amount of order?

Paul: No. The people who come keep the order they want to keep. We don't tell them what to do; we couldn't play music. They do what they want to do. The more restrictions you place on people, the more restrictions they'll break. It's stupid not to be able to dance.

The only problems we've ever had at our concerts has been caused by the police. Nobody's ever tried to rip us off, it's always the police telling people to sit down, telling people to stop dancing. We had police tell an audience they were too loud — they were yelling too loud at a rock and roll concert!

Paul: I consider myself a political zero. I don't even want to be around politics. Politics is not my thing. I just worry about the people around me. You can't be concerned with way out there when you're not concerned with back here.

Q: Do you think there will be any individualism in ten years?

Paul: Sure. There'll be more individualism in the next ten years, because in ten years the whole thing will have eaten itself. I mean, it's falling apart now.

Q: What do you think it will be like in ten years?

Paul: It's just a matter of waiting to see what happens. Who knows? That's the joy of living in this decade. Take it as it comes, and do what you feel is best. Do what you feel is good and don't do what you feel is bad.

There is a lot of bullshit that people get hung up with. The whole SDS trip — every time I meet the cats they're on a totally negative trip. They're never pleasant. They're always frustrated because it's stupid to fight that power on their terms. It's like fighting a tank with a hammer.

When frustrations present themselves, we just walk the other way and ignore them. Anybody can walk the other way. You just do it.

I'm not putting them [SDS] down. I'm just saying that most of the people I've seen are unhappy. I choose to be happy. If they want to be martyrs, then let them

be martyrs. That's their trip. That's not my trip. That's not what gets things done. The thing that gets things done is doing them, and ignoring the people who say you can't do them.

Revolutionary tactic 43 is to stop at a red light, and when a bunch of people stop around you, take off when the light's still red and wave. And a couple of them will take off after you.

photographed by Mike Maltese

Cont. from page 9

find out the local situation, to give them a chance to get to know us as people... Unless we can sit down and talk with them, work with them, bake good bread for them, then they're not going to understand where we're at and that can become dangerous... If you can't be brothers with your neighbors, then go someplace else.

LAMA

Lama stresses work in physical, emotional, and mental disciplines with the development of self-knowledge as the ultimate goal. The commune formed a non-profit foundation which bought land in the Spring of 1967; since then, roads, water supplies, cabins, gardens, and greenhouses have been built. The geodesic dome design has been utilized for many of the building while the summer cabins are of frame construction covered with skins. There is a group meeting every night, purportedly "to release any interpersonal tensions that may have built up during the day, so that these will not be carried over and allowed to accumulate." When there is disagreement, a unanimous decision is attempted, following discussion and efforts to effect a compromise. If there is still disagreement, the project or decision is postponed or put aside. The foundation's policy is to exclude drug usage and its descriptive folder states:

There is no attempt to artificially heighten the experience. This unfolding process has its own momentum and is continuous with the flow of the total community... The daily schedule at Lama includes meditation, chanting, and body movement exercises such as Tai Chi Chuan, Yoga, etc... Following breakfast there is a full day of work and meetings with teachers. Time is reserved for private activities in the interval between supper and the group meeting, usually about two hours.

During the summer, Lama operates a school for outside applicants who desire to stay at the community for one month or more. Other visitors are only allowed entry on Sundays. Sometimes, an entire day will be observed in silence while the regular schedule is maintained to stress the development of non-verbal communication. Development of conscious states favorable for these skills is reportedly assisted by the elevation of the community (9,000) and by the meals, which consist of fish, fowl, and fresh vegetables from the Lama gardens.

EAST-COAST COMMUNES

The East coast intentional communities visited included USCO, a colony of artists who were living in an abandoned church; the Avenanda Ashram, a community of individuals studying Yoga and the teachings of Dr. Mishra, an Indian psychotherapist, and Castalia, a community founded by Timothy Leary and located in a baroque mansion provided by one of Leary's millionaire friends. Shortly after our visits, USCO left their base in the church, and Shram split over the use of psychedelic drugs, and Leary abandoned his mansion, due to legal harassment from the local police. Leary organized a commune in California while some of his followers drifted to the southwest to found Paradise Ranch.

We heard dozens of reports in these 18 communities regarding paranormal events yet did not observe a single instance of psi phenomena at first hand. Whether or not the events actually occurred, it is remarkable that belief in the paranormal is virtually an act of faith held by communal inhabitants. Use of the *I Ching*, Tarot Cards, the Ouiji Board, and astrology is a common element in the lives of these people. The notion that "mental vibrations" can influence crops, the weather, animals, and people is taken for granted. Such an atmosphere might well provide a suitable milieu for parapsychological investigations using such techniques as hypnotic dreams (in the field) or electroencephalographic recording and feedback (in the laboratory).

YIP GETS IT ON

by DME

The Youth Interest Program (YIP for short) began in the streets and may remain there - serving youth of the Remington-Hampden-Woodbury sections of Baltimore while the older residents sink deeper and deeper into the apathy of beer, crabs, and TV.

YIP's first campaign involved restrictions at a Hampden Arundel's ice cream store. After some picketing, an Arundel's executive came to a YIP meeting and laid \$25.00 on them towards an office, the NO ONE UNDER 21 AFTER 8 signs in the store went down and hassling has

answer the phone. 366-7188.

By the end of this month, they hope to have their building fixed up enough to serve as a coffee house and community meeting place.

What will actually happen? Weathermen came into Baltimore to organize youth, trashed (smashed) around in some high schools and then went underground into several major bomb factories, guerrilla rifle ranges, and bourgeois terrorism classes. (Can you pick out the irresponsible journalism in this article?) Actually, Weathermen left. Baltimore is a tough



stopped. The main issue was a place to go. Harassment occurred at Arundel's and up and down the "Avenue" (36th St.) The cops might drive kids off the streets only to arrest them for congregating in Roosevelt Park.

"We grew up here," Alvin Allen and Tim Garrity, 2 YIP leaders told HARRY "2 years ago I was beating up negro girls at school- we were both racists. We have taken a big step. I will put myself on the line," said Tim "to make these people think."

YIP's second campaign took them to Northwood shopping center where kids were again being hassled. Two YIP members were arrested in the demonstrations- resulting in one "probation before verdict" and a \$25.00 fine for such offenses as "lewd and unseemly noise."

In a release titled "End Police harassment," YIP states, "Both of these arrests represent discrimination against long hair, clothes, race, and youth itself. Unfortunately, these arrests are only a small part of the daily harassment received by youth all over the city." And although some in YIP would give it wider left politics goals, it has so far built around the street problems and individuals in trouble. Rich for example would drink himself silly or throw horrible fits but now he gets rehabilitation at Sinai; Dan was so stoned for a court appearance he could not remember the charges against him and was willing to be railroaded through them all until YIP intervened and got him a postponement. YIP has helped clear a number of legal jams - getting bail or a lawyer.

They have been able to raise money by donations and a rock concert-benefit, but are low again as they start in to renovate their presently run-down office at 2800 Remington. It has been necessary to rewire the building, repair the plumbing, and fix the heat. Another benefit is planned to help pay these costs, which have run over \$2000.

YIP has grand plans to operate a 24 hour switchboard service, provide educational services, counseling, etc.

At this point, they have a list of people to call for certain types of aid, and they usually have someone there to

YIP would like to get together from 36th Street, they hope to involve the whole community in issues like sewage-pollution in the Jones Falls and Wyman Park.

"Politics bore me," says YIPper Tim Garrity. But he tolerates it. Where more militant left YIPs may tire him, the Hampden right positively enrages him. "They will destroy what they fear," he says. And as well as preparing to take some neighborhood kids out of the city to River Valley Ranch to hike on the day that we talked, he reiterated YIP's feeling that they are more than "dogooders."

For example, YIP distributes a "pocket lawyer" sheet of helpful advice "in case the police stop you." Although Northern District police have not attempted to set up a relationship to YIP, the ACLU wrote them, "I would be interested in discussing with you the kind of harassment you are receiving from police. There should be no reason for it if you are not blocking traffic or creating a disturbance. In any event, I'd like to know more."

Such focus on police may tie YIP to the Black Panthers in some minds. In the sense that both are not on the offensive but believe in self defense and may respond viciously if backed into a corner, the connection is not far fetched.

At least one church in the Hampden area has expressed interest in helping YIP out. As YIP youth ask hard questions about who will help them, they may discover the local businesses, banks, and corporations more interested in, as a YIP newsletter puts it, "making Napalm to burn the bodies of men, women, and children in foreign lands and manufacturing automobiles that fall apart before they are paid for."

Time will tell.

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RIGHT ON, POSTMEN

by ROGER BACON

A great cloud of discontent arose to greet the grayish yellow murky air above New York City and spread westward like a flaming surge of "Okay Nixon, you're put us on long enough — it's our turn to put you on..." And so, the first postal strike kicked off on March 18th in the Bronx-Manhattan area and within a week, spread across the whole country, stopping mail service in most major cities.

To get an idea of the background to this move, we should travel back to June 1968 when this series of wage talks began. Faced with a brickwall, the National Association of Letter Carriers (NALC) met in Boston during August and elected James H. Rademacher as their president who said, among other things, that he would support any strike for higher wages. During that convention, the crazy Bronx-Manhattan crowd made "strike" a household word and pushed within the NALC to immediately press their demands for their promised and needed pay raises.

To fully understand the plight these letter carriers were and are still facing now, all one has to do now is study the situations in the New York City Post Office. After a recent study, an estimated 7 to 10% of their letter carriers are receiving welfare to meet the city's minimum wage level. After working forty or more hours a week, the average carrier with a lot of kids still has to depend on the city for money to feed and clothe them. It takes about 22 years to reach top pay grade and the chances to advance to a better job are very slim. Just compare this to any junior executive you might know of, then compare his salary to the average letter carrier who brings home less than ten thousand dollars a year.

For a year and one half, after many attempts through congressional action, every bill was suppressed by presidential order.

Now, a very important dilemma developed. The Nixon administration, trying to relieve the terrible postal problem, drew up a plan to change the Post Office Department into a corporation controlled by ITT or some other complex of business malignancy and told the letter carriers that he would raise their pay only if they would agree to his idea. The union, knowing this would not alleviate the major problems of postal reform, made it quite clear they would strike if such a move occurred. Acting like a spoiled little kid, our President Nixon told the world that just giving the letter-carriers a raise would be very inflationary but if the corporation went into effect, the economy would benefit greatly. Finally,

after receiving no change of attitude, the first locals started their walk out.

As the strike gained support around the country, the union officials tried to get the men back to work while buckling under to government demands and after promising a five day negotiation-cooling off period to the men, the mail resumed its delivery.

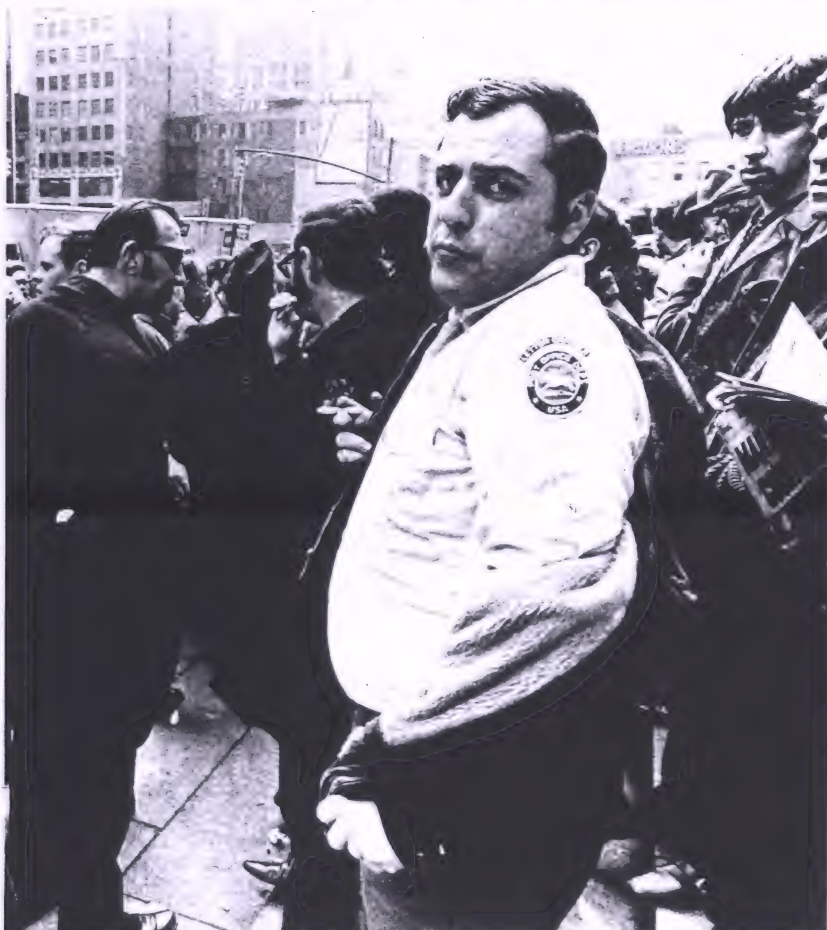
During these negotiations, the union pressed for a 13% pay raise only while the government pressed for a pay raise plus postal reform together as a sweet

little package of blackmail. James Rademacher, after promising his men a five day only period for talks has given in to governmental blackmail and ordered his men to stay on their jobs as the talks passed the five day deadline and started reaching into the sixth day.

So people, the way things look now, contrary to the reports out now, the post office strike seems far from over and it may be only a matter of time before the mails are stopped again, this time all the mail and not just in certain cities. Of

course, the government can settle this whole matter quickly and quite effectively but it seems to me that fancy uniforms for white house guards and pay raises for do nothing congressmen are more important to the president than giving a living wage to the men who keep this economy together and deliver you christmas cards.

One last word, if you know of anybody with a lot of kids and needs a job desperately, tell him not to work for the post office. He'd be much better off financially and socially on welfare.



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Film

by ELLIOT SIRKIN

This year's academy awards broadcast probably won't be as strange as last year's, or as much fun. That much lightning can't possibly strike in the same place twice. Really, that '69 Oscar show was a once in a lifetime deal, sure to be remembered as the year when the academy brass decided to get with it and go psychedelic. Nothing was spared in Gower Champion's campaign to turn Hollywood on to a new life style, even the sacrosanct state banquet atmosphere was junked. Just about every detail was perfect. Aretha Franklin, wearing antlers and singing *Funny Girl*, Rosalind Russell, trying to sound casual and butchering the English language while she was at it. Blackout sketches that came out lopsided and revolving light panels that didn't work too well. Natalie Wood, limping around in a cast and shouting in Russian at the young actress who played Natasha in *War and Peace*. Bob Hope showing up to crack a few deplete-sounding Knights of Columbus-sounding jokes and give Martha Raye her Jean Hersholt humanitarianism and service award (she got it for her USO outings to Viet Nam and her way of "thrilling the spying Cong"). The same industry community that had booted Ingrid Bergman out of the movies on a morals rap twenty years earlier (for having children out of wedlock) giving her a big self-pardoning ovation, before she had a chance to say anything. And that incredible best costume design stretch, with fruity West Coast go-go dancers dressed up in facsimiles of the clothes from *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Lion in Winter*, frugging their heads off while the Rascals jammed.

The entertainment value of this year's show will be down (even the presenters are going to be mostly dull, unflappable, humorless types), but there won't be much difference in the awards themselves. Once again, knocking the academy for the things that it singles out for its big honors won't be any harder than picking out the mistakes in grammar in one of George Wallace's old speeches. Even so, the quality of at least some of the things that have been nominated is a little beyond the average past standards. Not because the best work done by American movie-makers has begun to be recognized this year — far from it — but because some of the more hopeless homegrown output has begun to be ignored. Two years ago, Stanley Kramer's bewildering *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* pulled in seven nominations, among them best picture, and actually wound up winning three awards. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Kramer's latest brain-child, isn't much different from *Guess*. It's not less noisy, and it even has Anna Magnani and Anthony Quinn as a boozy Neapolitan version of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Yet it's only copped on reasonably minor nomination (best cinematography) and, chances are, it's not going to win there. Remember also, the '68 contest, as hard as it was to accept, there were two drowsy, clodhopping operettas contending for best movie — *Funny Girl* and *Oliver!*, neither of them too good, even of their kind. This time around, there's only one of the breed competing. *Hello, Dolly!* is a frilly, lame obscenity of a musical, there's no question about it. But at least it's the only movie in the '69 race that fits that description. On something of the same track, the academy's lists for this year don't pay much attention to the blatantly idea-mangling "message" significance-movies either — a big step forward. *Last Summer*, a dim parable about youthful evil that squashes



"They Shoot Horses Don't They"

together some misunderstood themes lifted from Golding, Camus and even Lillian Hellman, isn't being considered for much of anything. Neither is Richard Attenborough's awkward screen clobbering of *Oh What a Lovely War*, neither is Luchino Visconti's epic about the rise of Nazism, *The Damned*.

But most of what's being considered in the fourteen categories are nowhere near the best things possible. It happens that way every year, and it doesn't make sense. There's a very sensible nominating system controlling the race stuff like best actor and best musical score — one that should guarantee sane, worthwhile competitions straight across the board. In every area (except best picture), only people directly involved with the field in question are allowed to vote in its nominating caucus — for example, the costuming award contenders are chosen only by other costumers, the actresses up for best supporting actress only by other actresses, etc. Theoretically, it's a sound procedure, but in the end it makes no difference. The final award winners are decided on by the academy at large, everyone getting a crack at everything; that's why the things that win are usually so bad. Still, that doesn't explain why the nominations themselves should be so wrong-headed. People who specialize in a field should know something about what's good in it and what isn't. The entire academy membership might not be able to figure out what exactly goes into a good editing job, but the editors who pick the nominees in the category should. No recent movie, certainly no musical, is more poorly timed visually than *Hello, Dolly!*, none has its shots falling over one another with the same drunken clumsiness. That doesn't matter evidently. It's editor, William Reynolds, is up for an Oscar, and so is the film-cutter who slammed *Midnight Cowboy* together so messily. But DeDe Allen, the most gifted editing talent going in the world right now, isn't, although her welding job on *Alice's Restaurant* is very nearly a work of art in itself. The favored man in this year's cinematography contest is Conrad Hall. He's talented, and his very fluent camera-work makes something beautiful out of the conventional desert scenery and the interiors of *Tell Them Willie Boy is Here*. But his nomination isn't for *Willie Boy*, it's for *Butch Cassidy*, in which the photography doesn't amount to much more than a phony, derivative fire-sale on some self-contradicting European techniques. As for the

ly that he will.

The four acting categories, which mean the most in terms of public interest and box office, are about sixty percent on target, but also a very generous forty percent off as well. Literally all the best work is in there (Jane Fonda's, Jon Voight's, Dyan Cannon's), and so are some really inexplicable duds. It's rough to believe that anyone could take Jean Simmons imitating Joan Crawford in *The Happy Ending* seriously, much less call it one of the year's exceptional leading-role performances. Likewise, there doesn't seem to be much reason for living consideration to the acting done by supporting people like Rupert Crosse, Goldie Hawn, and Cathy Burns over the really imaginative work done by Pamela Franklin and Verna Bloom or by Wendell Burton and Robert Black. John Wayne probably won't have much difficulty in the best actor sweepstakes — his fatuous parody of himself as a lovable Fascist bully in *True Grit* is the sort of thing the academy loves. And anyway, his loyalty to industry and to backwardness in general are about ripe for a pay-off — it'll be his first Oscar. Jane Fonda isn't such a sure bet for best actress, great as her cool, angry Gloria is in *Horses*. True, she's the daughter of a local institution, but the scandal over her public grass-blowing has probably upset a lot of her father's old sidekicks, and her activism in Indian affairs probably hasn't done much to make her popular with them either. Yet God knows who'll win if she doesn't.

But it's in the best picture category where things are at their worst. Which isn't very shocking, since its five candidates are chosen not by any selective, especially capable nominating committee.

Cont. on page 18

Multiple Maniacs-

A Celluloid Atrocity



A scene from Multiple Maniacs, filmed on location at Pete's Bar in Fells Point

by C. CATHARSIS

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 10th, 11th and 12th, John Waters' newest Dreamland production, "Multiple Maniacs" will flick on at the First Unitarian Church, Charles and Franklin streets. Each night the projector winds up for three shows at 8, 10 and midnight and each show runs 85 minutes.

This film is for the healthy movie-going audience frantically searching for a film more hideous and unreal than any they have previously seen. The plot is, by admission, a ridiculous and complicated affair, but little of the dialogue was improvised. Instead, a tight script was followed. If movies that appall you are the stuff that sticks to your ribs, Mr. Waters has worked hard with his movie to amuse and satisfy you.

"Multiple Maniacs" was filmed exclusively in town. It's a Baltimore thing.

THEATER

Premier at the Corner

by LEN BRADFORD

The first play in Corner Theater's double offering, *Hartford Train Station*, was written by Linda Larson Stegman, a graduate student in the Creative Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins. It concerns waiting, something which is definitely at it's strongest in train stations. The atmosphere she creates is believable, but the play as a whole is marred by bad lines and a forward motion which is, at its best, intermittent. There is, however, one very well-written scene on the train between Sadie, played by Lynn Thorneburg, and Joe, the cook on the way to a convention, played brilliantly by Michael Makarovich. The humor is biting and funny for this one scene, but is not sustained. Don Hekler makes a delightful degenerate, whose best line is: "I want to lick you."

How can he lose?

The premier of *Heads* by Grace Cavalieri brings to a close what has been in some sense a festival of her works given by Corner Theater within the last two months. Nine plays, out of the twenty she had authored, have been produced by Corner Theater. Of those which I have seen, I find *Heads* to be, by far, the most moving, and certainly the most effective theater. The play concerns three cripples (Michael Makarovich, Howard Brown, and Jerry Whiddon) who are waiting to have their afflictions cured, attended by the spiteful, blowsey Luddi, played to the disgusting hilt by Brigitte Bentele. They are joined by the contrastingly prim

and clean Lady Beverly (Barbara Koepel) who has come for the "cure" also. Her affliction is not visible however, but spiritual — not knowing any more how to live. A severe case of metaphysical distress. Barbara Koepel achieves the difficult task of making her suffering seem real even in contrast to all these malformed bodies. One is made strongly aware of this contrast and upset by it. The ambivalence which could have wrecked the play becomes, instead, its strength.

From this point the play seems to grow of itself — the results of the appearance of the angel (Michael Styer), and of his supplants' ingratitude are too hair-raising to even attempt to describe. Let me only say that director Paul Hjelmervik wrings the play for its last ounce of horror. He almost obtains amazing performances from these supposedly non-professional actors. The three cripples are characters I'll not soon forget. Particularly, I have nothing but praise for Michael Makarovich's performance. To see him go from a perfect performance as the brash, slick hard-drinking greaser in *Hartford Train Station* to a perfect performance of Patrick, the pitiful, helpless blind man of Cavalieri's *Heads* is a theatrical experience not to be missed. I would not have believed it to be the same human being.

The plays will run at Corner Theater each Friday and Saturday at 9pm during the coming three weeks.

SCENES

There's a new group at the Roosevelt on Camden Street. This time their thing is jazz, and a style of jazz that perhaps fits this kind of club better than any other. Claudie Hubbard's refined piano leads the group, which includes Phil Harris on bass, and Purnell Rice, as drummer.

Enthusiasm greeted the appearance of attractive Kathy Dorsey, a young singer with a big voice, who sang several requests, mostly standards such as "Sunny" and "I Left My Heart in San Francisco," and including an upbeat "You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You," which I liked for the life they gave to this off-performed song.

"It's a wonderment" proclaims the Roosevelt's amazing sign — a good motto!

A slightly more formal, (but not much less so) excitement was generated by our own Baltimore Symphony and guest violinist Berl Senofsky during the evening of March 26th. The program began with the eerie Suite No. 1 by the Rumanian composer Georges Enesco. Enesco was, during his lifetime one of Europe's foremost violinists, and this shows particularly well in this work, which is scored mainly for strings. Sergiu Comissiona is to be congratulated on the almost incredible improvement which he has effected in the string sections of the Symphony over the past year. Their sound has grown in power and richness every time I see them.

Larger works, however, still suffer sometimes from halting, less than perfect ensemble work. At least the horns sounded particularly ragged to me in the Sibelius Violin Concerto, which featured on the other hand absolutely faultless technique on the part of Senofsky. The

SCENES

Philadelphia-born Senofsky leans heavily toward the Russian school of playing, with heavy vibrato. Not always to my liking, this technique fits a late Romantic work such as the Sibelius admirably. Senofsky played with great precision and authority, and scattered applause and shouts from the normally lethargic audience greeted his fiendishly difficult if not especially-lyrical cadenzas.

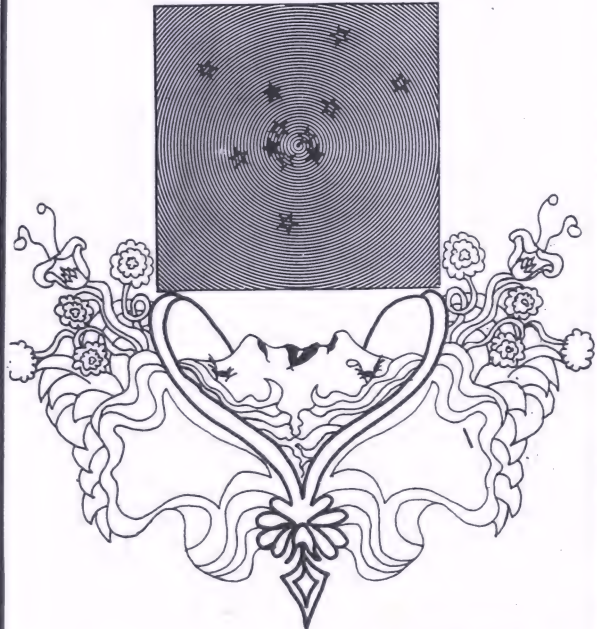
The surprise of the evening was reserved for the last, when the Orchestra really got it on with the Saint-Saens C Minor Symphony. This genuine masterpiece obviously moved the musicians as much as it did myself, for they played with a fervor rare even among the world's greater orchestras. The use of the organ with the normal symphonic complement adds a touch of grandeur that is hard not to respond to.

The First Baltimore Theater Festival will open at the old Polytechnic on April 11, despite being plagued by difficulties which ranged from management changes and poor response to the eventual withdrawal of Michael McClure's controversial play *The Beard*. The first offering will be a performance of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* by the Porter's Hall Repertory Company. James Sickafus, the new director, described to me the festival as being an attempt to develop a community theater in Baltimore through giving the local talent a chance to express themselves in productions here, in their own city, rather than having to search for opportunities elsewhere. Another purpose is to try to develop a responsive audience in Baltimore — or at least see if that potential is there. As a part of this attempt, James is offering 1/2 price subscriptions to HARRY's readers. Right on!

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Record Review

Crosby, Stills & Nash & *Everybody Else*



Crosby, Nash & Stills, of Crosby, Stills, Nash, inhale, & Young

by LEN BRADFORD

This record had all the makings of being one of the most exciting events of this year — a “super record” by a “super group” the hype would lead. Certainly I awaited its delayed release with more than the usual anticipation I afford most groups, in this age of seemingly limitless production in the rock industry. Yet I was in many ways disappointed, despite the fact that I liked many of the numbers immensely, and nearly all the selections had something in them which interested me musically. However, one thing seems wrong with the record as a whole. Their structure, which was, in their first album, so clean, so nicely balanced, has now become confused. Perhaps, with the addition of so many new members (puls guest appearances by friends Jerry Garcia and John Sebastian) and the pressure to produce an album while still riding on the wave of popularity created by their first album did not give them time to come together into a cohesive unit, a

"group" rather than a group of individuals. Certainly the same sort of thing has happened to more than one group which has achieved almost instant popularity. What is more likely, is that the kind of "sound," which I take to be their style, which they attempt to project, does not suit six people (with the addition of Dallas Taylor and Greg Reeves) as well as three.

Two good examples of this are the songs at the end of each side: Stills' and Young's *Everybody I Love You* and Joni Mitchell's *Woodstock* are both good songs – but they are, in this case, simply over-arranged. *Woodstock*, despite an interesting guitar intro, works better in her own version on her latest album. A slightly different situation exists with Neil Young's *Country Girl* trilogy. I like the songs, I like the arrangement, which in this case truly is "grand," rather than confused and pretentious. I am assayed by Young's eerie, gliding, near soprano, but I cannot escape the impression that the

music and the lyrics are for two completely different songs. Both are good, on their own terms, but seem not to belong to each other.

The songs which make the most enduring statement, and are the most quietly personal, are the two from country-influenced Graham Nash, *Teach Your Children* and *Our House*, the former with some excellent steel guitar by Jerry Garcia. Out of so many, many loud and overdone attempts to say "where we're at," the unassuming honesty of *Teach Your Children* is a refreshing change. Yet right next to it is a song by David Crosby which is its complete opposite. If *Teach Your Children* has a heavy message, subtly stated, then *Almost Cut My Hair* has almost no message at all, and is over-stated beyond belief. The whole thing is a mistake. Here comes this intro like you're getting ready to hear God himself speak, right? And what comes out of that powerful, seething mass of sound? "I almost cut my hair / It was just the other day," etc. Even the lines are bad. But for

Crosby to think that anyone could possibly be interested is mere self-indulgence. How about "Almost cut my Toenail?" or "Almost Brushed my Teeth?" Ridiculous, of course. To use one's hair – or lack of it – as a symbol to carry the import which Crosby obviously hoped his song would – is to fall prey to the same kind small-mindedness which "straights" evidence when they make an issue of someone's long hair.

Others — most notably Helpless by Young, and Crosby's *Deja Vu* are closer to the "tighter" style of the earlier album. Both are examples of the incredible display of vocal talent which these people can put down when they work at it.

The album itself is an impressive thing to look at, being made to look like an old, expensive book, with gold-leaf lettering and a picture of the group done as an aged tintype. Inside, there is a collage of pictures of the individuals in the group either performing or just sitting around looking fey. It almost makes up for there being only five songs to a side.

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AIRPLANE CONCERT - Bust for Some, Groove for Others

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

It may come as a surprise to those of you who really dug the Jefferson Airplane concert at the Civic Center that it was a real bummer, a pile of shit, and a drag.

It may come as a surprise to those of you who thought that the Jefferson Airplane concert at the Civic Center was a real bummer, a pile of shit, and a drag that it was really a groove.

It depends on where you were.

Starting with some large mid-afternoon hassles (to us the freaks at HARRY) from the guards, watchmen, and ticket men at the Civic Center including remarks like "Are they here again? Kick their asses outta here!" to the large hassles from the rent-a-cops at all of us freaks during the concert, it was a nasty night for some.

As far as I'm concerned the hassles we went through in the afternoon were entirely unnecessary. These men who let a very little bit of authority rot their heads were rude on some occasions and simply stupid on others. For instance, we asked the old usher who was guarding the pass gate if he wanted us to give our names so that when we came back in we could enter without hassle. He said no, he'd remember us. When we returned one hour later, he said he'd never seen us before. Typical freak persecution — should be used to it — a drag notwithstanding.

I got some bad vibes from the place right off. Could have been from the moat (minus crocodiles) they built in front of the stage. They left the ice hockey boards up in front of the first row of seats, then in front of that they took out the floor and left a fucking four foot drop from the top of the boards to the bottom of the floor. Fun?

Leaving the Civic Center that afternoon was a pleasure. After digging the crowd outside while street selling HARRY's we went inside. I was really pleased to find the vibes very good inside. Lotsa smiles, lotsa beautiful freaks, and (as we will discover later) lotsa good dope.

Lighthouse opened the music and did a good, tight, solid set which not many people in the audience really got into.

Then Airplane came out. Oh. Yes. Grace Slick told the audience in the upper concourse (way the hell far away) to come on down, and the people downstairs to come closer. That's what happened. The HARRY people sitting near the front joined the crush toward the stage and we had a good old time with some good old music, some good old friendly freaks, and some good old smoking dope!

Some people seated towards the rear could not see, shouted for those in the front to sit down, which most of them did. After five or six songs the Airplane took a fifteen minute break to fix the sound system. This gave the rent-a-cops (under the direction of Ben Roth, Assistant Director of the Civic Center) a chance to do their thing which was moving people out of the aisles. They did not ask me to move, they told me to — and pushed me with their sticks until I did. They did not ask the people around me to move either — they told them to and threw them out of the aisle.

When the Airplane started to play once again, the crowd once again streamed toward the front and took their places



in the aisles and once again the rent-a-cops tried to clear the aisles. This time however the people were a little less cooperative and some people got ripped off to the cop room. By the way some of the cops were drunk. I smelled badge 256 feet away.

Except for those few Gentlemen II — Sweeney's pseudo-hip juicers who were sitting with their fingers up their asses near the front of the audience as the music intensified and the Airplane got into "Volunteers" the audience really got into it.

For the third time they filled the aisles, this time with clenched fists raised and moving with the music. And for the third time the rent-a-cops acted. When one freak jumped into the moat, he was carried off by a swift current no-no by the police.

Now dig the scene. Everybody is on their feet — fists waving in the air to the beat of the music. Singing "got a revolution, got to revolution." The cops are ripping off freaks. The people keep singing. One guy gets hit by a rent-a-cop. The people keep on singing. Some of them shout at the cops, but nobody makes a move to stop the cops from ripping off freaks.

Revolution. But they don't make a move. They just stood there watching them get hauled away.

What kind of revolution is that? No matter what kind of revolution you're into — political, cultural, spiritual or all 'three — what kind of shit is waving your fist as your friends are dragged off? And singing "got to revolution" at the same time. Somebody please explain that to me.

I talked with Roth about the incident and he was angry with the Airplane, blaming them for the trouble. See, Roth has the idea that a concert is a concert — in which you pay your money, sit in your assigned seat, and stay there until the concert is over (providing you don't have to get up and take a piss). Holding this view exposes his ignorance of both rock music and us.

We know what rock is, well, we know what our reaction to it is. And it is not a mental reaction. It is a physical, movement gut reaction. If you're really into it you don't sit still (unless you're a jaded Fillmore East type). Rock is for moving on, for smoking dope with, for balling to. It is not for fucking sitting there with your hands in your lap!

Two more things about Roth. First the good news. He says he is going to call a meeting of the watchmen and ushers to try to put a stop to the rudeness and general shitty attitudes. Very good. Now for the bad news. He kept calling the Civic Center "my building." Sorry, Ben, it's our building. A public building. Maybe if you thought of it more as our building,

Cont. on page 19

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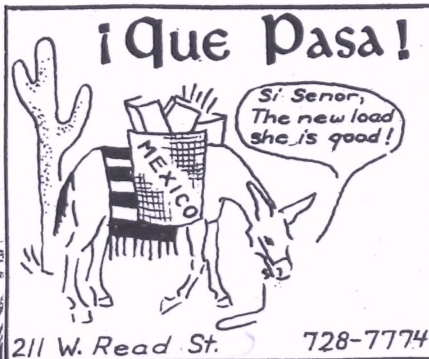
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Cont. from page 14

but by the academy's whole thirty-four hundred person membership. All the public relations directors, all the aging *Tonight Show* starlets get a crack at picking the roster of potential winners, and so do the special effects people and the make-up supervisors. They're not expert judges, and their acumen isn't helped along any by the big producers who pressure them to push for certain key movies (usually the things that are in big financial trouble, or else the ones that are making money and look as if they might bear further milking). A few of the films in this year's crop represent gains over what's been cited in the past, but not by much. Z, almost the only foreign language film ever up for best picture, (it's also a possibility for best foreign film), could just as easily have been made in Hollywood. It's a prize example of an ancient, reliable kind of adventure movie — a political thriller. A very predictable movie, when you come down to it. Also a very vacant one, with about as much true sensibility sparking it as there is in an Irving Wallace novel or a Neil Simon play. The movie of Maxwell Anderson's *Anne of the Thousand Days* (it's gotten more



Jean-Louis Trintignant in "Z"

nominations than any other movie shown this year) is a literate, stiff-assed, old-fashioned historical romance. Richard Burton and Genevieve Bujold are nice enough as the two main characters, and in a way, the film is a touching reminder of the classy spectacles that the studios pushed onto the High Culture market back in the Fifties when Hollywood was in its first death throes, and wanted to look arty. Whatever its faults are, they're

honest ones, all of them somehow much less annoying than the big-time ideas that *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, another nominee, has about itself. Extremely corrupt and self-infatuated, William Goldman's and George Roy Hill's blockbuster is the sort of coy Western that smirks and condescends to itself, heaving with wisecracks and sanctimoniousness. All told, the whole thing isn't much more than a jazzed-up TV show, really. It's done great things at the box office, though, and it's a fine indication of what Middle Americans do when they get tired of looking at the tube and staying around the house: they go to the movies and look at the tube there.

The only inarguable good movie in the line-up is *Midnight Cowboy*, a substantial, tough-minded urban soap opera that's held together by a lot of intelligent writing and acting. It's the one contending film that reflects on the year's most interesting work. To be expected. The bankers and the retired movie queens who run the academy obviously aren't anxious to hear about national political despair or materialism. It's also doubtful whether they're interested in finding out what people who drop out do with their lives and how they're treated. So even

though movies like *Medium Cool* and *Easy Rider* and *Goodbye Columbus* really aren't very radical at heart, the fact that they're all daring enough to suggest



John Voigt & Dustin Hoffman in "Midnight Cowboy"

things about present American conditions, things that don't reassure anybody or silence anybody, is more than enough to keep them out. They probably didn't even come close to the final cut. Controversy doesn't please the academy's withering elite, stunned as they are by change, and threatened now with bankruptcy and the heresies of Haskell Wexler and Dennis Hopper. They're scared. From the look of things, they've become so rigid, they even react violently to the apolitical misery of a *They Shot Horses, Don't They?* It's got nine other nominations, but the Pollack movie is nowhere in the running for best film. That, even though it's a plainly conventional piece of work, cast pretty much in the familiar Hollywood Quality mold — like *The Nun's Story* or *The Collector*. But apparently, the academy's members have sunk to the level of the dumbest Broadway audiences; they don't want anything but doctrinaire cheerfulness and superficiality. It's pathetic almost, the way these people parade their desperation — on a recent TV show, an old-time male star almost started crying. They want to be able to think that they're still what they used to be ten, twenty years ago, that American movies can go back to being big and toneless and aggressively jolly, that the country can go back to being its old deluded self, The Oscars let them believe that it could happen — for a little while, anyway. It wouldn't be too surprising if *Anne of the Thousand Days* were to get the best picture this year. That is, if the award doesn't go to *Hello, Dolly!*

There are still a few categories that nobody's thought of giving awards for so far. Funny, because they'd make a lot more sense than the categories that are currently in use and say more about the shape of our current movie art, too. They could even be named after famous Hollywood personalities. For instance: *The Irving Thalberg Award For The Most Thorough Mauling Of A Literary Property*. The *Madwoman of Chaillet* wins this one hands down, with Bryan Forbes' arthritic direction to transform Giraudoux's pastel, inoffensively hokey fantasy into a sprawling corpse, and Edward Anhalt's twisted adaptation to convert the heroine into Mrs. Roosevelt. It's a star-studded mess, and the play's theme — the immorality of pimping and commercialism — is very wisely dropped. Hypocrisy has its limits.

The Dore Schary Award For Inadvertently Patronizing A Minority Group. To Abraham Polonsky, for letting Katharine Ross play the hero's Ind-

Cont. on page 19

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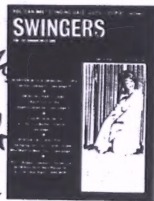
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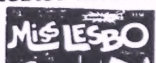
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Cont. from page 18

an lover in *Tell Them Willie Boy is Here*. Katharine Ross is ideal for playing vitamin-fied Michigan State co-eds, but she's a classic WASP beauty, and she doesn't have the right voice for a character like Lola or the right range or the right movements. She's not Indians, and dying her hair black and cutting it jaggedly doesn't cover for that, neither does painting her flesh nut-brown. The implication of her whole performance is that an actress who really was an Indian, or who could have played one convincingly, would never have appealed to a white audience's sympathy. True, smug paternalism, exactly the thing that (through the Susan Clark character) the movie loathes.

The Lana Turner Award For A Performer Who Completely Suppresses All Signs Of Human Emotion. The runner-up citation here goes to the entire cast of *Topaze*. The award itself goes to Ingrid Thulin in *The Damned*. As Countess Sophie von Essenbeck, the whorey noblewoman who screws her homosexual son and kisses him with her bat-shaped lips, she succeeds in keeping down any stray trace of life that might animate her performance. The incomparable Lana still holds the screen's record for glassy-eyed self-consciousness and physical immobility, but in this role, she couldn't have done better herself.

The Joshua Logan Award For Complete Unfitness To Direct A Movie. This belongs to Gene Kelly for *Hello, Dolly!* (if the award had existed three years ago, he'd have gotten it then for *A Guide to the Married Man*). Everything about Kelly's handling of his material is inept and wildly out of proportion: the movie is a great symbol for the failure of Western technology. When you realize how many good directors never get any money, any cooperation, any renown, it's a little depressing to know that the Kellys can get all they want of everything whenever they want it.

The Ann-Margret Award For Garish Color Photography. A three-way tie among Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice, *True Grit*, and *Cactus Flower* — all of which were very difficult to look at. Probably a lot of other movies — anything with Dean Martin or Jackie Gleason — could win just as easily.

The Jimmy Stewart And Ronald Reagan Award For Patriotic And Right-Thinking Film Criticism. A standing honor, going year after year to the entire staff of *Films in Review*, but especially to its editor, Henry Hart. The spirit of John and Martha Mitchell inflames every line in every review printed by this hallowed publication of the National Board of Review, every columnist constantly on the look-out for filth and insufficient chauvinism. In this month's issue, even the cross-eyed schmaltz of

The Happy Ending is booed as "a vicious disservice to American culture."

The Cecil B. DeMille Award For Ludicrously Opulent Baroque Depravity. To Luchino Visconti for *The Damned*. Cataloguing the mad excesses of Visconti's would-be descent into hell; here would take up almost as much time as the movie itself (it runs three hours). But just the gigantic climax — a swanky wedding, attended by the Gestapo upper echelon, with the dying brides' face chalked with rice powder and a Reich banner flying from the altar — is more outrageously gross than anything C.B. would ever have had the guts to dream up.

The Bette Davis Award For Non-Stop Scenery-Chewing And General Exhibitionism. The trend now seems to be toward underacting (Peter Fonda, Ali MacGraw, Michael Sarazin), but there are still a few die-hard hams running around, making harsh noises and curling their lips. James Broderick is pretty obstreperous as Ray in *Alice's Restaurant*; Michael Crawford and Marianne McAndrew are more than a little bit much as the *Dolly* love interest. But this year, Richard Boone, who's got more experience, outdoes them all, as Kirk Douglas' tyrannical Greek poppa in *The Arrangement*. He also has the bluest hair ever seen on a male actor.

Cont. from page 17

there would be less hassle.

Why not try, next time a big rock group is in town, having no cops. Lets some freaks "police" it. Hire the Hog Farm. Hire one of the local hip groups or communists to "handle the crowd." Talk to Art Peyton of the Bluesette. There won't be any hassles and everyone will go home happy with the music, happy with the building, happy with the dope.

For those of you who were not involved in hassles at the concert, sorry to spoil it for you. The music was great and a good time was had by some.

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ON REBELLION

Thomas Jefferson

The British ministry have so long hired their gazetteers to repeat and model into every form lies about our being in anarchy, that the world has at length believed them, the English nation has believed them, the ministers themselves have come to believe them, and what is more wonderful, we have believed them ourselves. Yet where does this anarchy exist? Where did it ever exist, except in the single instance of Massachusetts? And can history produce an instance of rebellion so honourably conducted? I say nothing of its motives. They were founded in ignorance, not wickedness. God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. The people cannot be all, and always, well informed. The part which is wrong will be discontented in proportion to the importance of the facts they misconceive. If they remain quiet under such misconceptions it is a lethargy, the forerunner of death to the public liberty. We have had thirteen states independent for eleven years. There has been one rebellion. That comes to one rebellion in a century and a half, for each state. What country before ever existed a century and a half without a rebellion? And what country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to acts, pardon and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of Patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.

Letter to Col. W. S. Smith.



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College of Notre Dame
4701 N. Charles St.
435-0100

Corner Theatre
835 N. Howard St.
728-4707 - 8 P.M.
Crack of Dawn
100 W. 25th St.
241-1718

Cross Roads
Faith Presbyterian Church
Lock Raven & Woodbourne Ave.
Emm Pratt Free Library
400 Cathedral St.
930-7000 - 2 P.M.

Excess Community College
Ridge Rd. at Kennedy Expressway
825-0000

Goldner College
Dulaney Valley Rd.
825-3300

Loyola College
Charles St. & Colting Lane
424-2500

Towson State College
York Rd.
921-1211

UMBC - Dept. of Art, Balto. County
5401 Wilkes Ave.
241-2600

Universal Panacea
200 N. Duke St.
300-7000

Lyric Theatre
125 W. Mt. Royal Ave.
630-0000

The Main Point
874 Lancaster Ave.
Brim Manor, Pa.
523-1175

Maryland Institute
1300 W. Mt. Royal Ave.
310-0200

Mt. Calvary Church
Eutan & Madison Sts.
728-1400

Orange Propeller Barn Coffee House
Oakland Villa Village Center
Columbia

Peabody Conservatory of Music
1 E. Mt. Vernon Place
837-0000

St. John's College
Annapolis
261-2171

Seed of Discovery
25 E. 25th St.
8 P.M. - 241-9234

Son of Coffee Grounds
Roland Ave. & Caliente Rd.

Spotlighters
817 St. Paul St.
732-1225 - 8:30 P.M.

Theatre Hopkins
Charles & 34th Sts.
310-1100 - 8:30 P.M.

Theatre U
Carrison Blvd. & Alto Rd.
975-9137 - 8:30 P.M.

Stud. St. Chrs. \$2.50

APRIL 3 - FRIDAY

MUSIC
Calhoun
Bluesette

Mike Harris
Son of Coffee Grounds

Gregory Omar Kihn
Seed of Discovery

Curlew
UMBC - Benefit of underground
newspaper, Red Brick
8 P.M. - Donation \$1.50

Anthony Norris & Roland Raffaele
on guitars
Peabody Conservatory
5 P.M. - Free

Bette White
Universal Panacea

Theatre
Play With A Tiger by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Baltimore Film Festival - Part I
University of Baltimore
8 P.M. - \$1

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Personal Cinema Group -
Underground Films
Maryland Institute
8 P.M. - \$1

APRIL 4 - SATURDAY

MUSIC
Aur
Bluesette

Gregory Omar Kihn
Seed of Discovery

Blackfoot Smoke
UMBC
\$1.50

FREE ROCK CONCERT
Druid Hill Park
10 A.M. - 4 P.M.

Rainer Mendel conducting
Balto. Symphony Orchestra
8:30 P.M. - Lyric

Annette Thaler & Greg Hawkins
Orange Propeller
8 P.M.

Robert Adams, piano and
Christopher Kantner, flute
Peabody Conservatory
8:30 P.M. - Free

Steve Smulan
Crack of Dawn
Warmth
Cross Roads
Bette White
Universal Panacea

Theatre
Play With A Tiger by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Baltimore Film Festival - Part I
University of Baltimore
8 P.M. - \$1

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Personal Cinema Group -
Underground Films
Maryland Institute
8 P.M. - \$1

APRIL 5 - SUNDAY

MUSIC
"Led Zeppelin Show"
Baltimore Civic Ctr. 8 P.M.

Gregory Omar Kihn
Seed of Discovery

"Die Reibe" Ensemble
Chamber Music Society
Baltimore Museum of Art
3 P.M.

Goucher - Hopkins Symphony
Goucher College 8:30 P.M.

Mary Stanton, piano
Peabody Conservatory - Towson br.
5 P.M. - Free

Theatre
"Play With A Tiger" by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

"The Impossible Years"
Spotlighters

"Liberation"
Rock Theatre - Peabody
8 P.M. - Free

APRIL 6 - MONDAY

Forum
Senator Tydings
Towson State College - sponsored
by SDS - College Ctr. Patio Lounge
10 A.M.

"Do Dreams Come in Black & White"
Orange Propeller 8 P.M.

APRIL 7 - TUESDAY

MUSIC
Just Harro Schmidt, European
Organist
Mt. Calvary Church - Free

Theatre
"The Indian Wants the Bronx" and
"The Gadagies Fraulen"
Center Stage

Films
Notable Short Films
Emm Pratt Free Library
Theatre Hopkins

APRIL 8 - WEDNESDAY

Theatre
What Is Choreography
Theatre U

Play With A Tiger by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

"The Indian Wants the Bronx" and
"The Gadagies Fraulen"
Center Stage

A Taste of Honey by Shelagh Delaney
Baltimore Performing Arts Workshop
Center Stage

Films
Baltimore Film Festival - Part II
University of Baltimore
8 P.M. - \$1

Annette Thaler
St. John's College 8:15 P.M.

Nature
Grand National Horse Race
Baltimore, Md.

CONTINUING EVENTS

Mar. 25 - Apr. 15
Maryland Institute - Senior Show
Mt. Royal Sta. Gallery

Mar. 16 - Apr. 24
Nathan Lyons' Traveling Photo Exhibition
Photo Gallery - Mt. Royal Station

Apr. 9 - 13
Smith College Used Books Sale
Towson Armory
10 A.M. - 5 P.M. exc. Sun. 1-5.

Apr. 10 - 19
10th Annual Spring Dance Festival
Maryland Ballet Co.
U. of Maryland - Collegeville

Monday
Here - an experience in
sensory bombardment for
\$1. Make reservations
Corner Theatre

Lecture
The Ecology of the Spirit
Dr. Haagen Slaak, Theologian
Maryland Institute 8 P.M. - \$3

Poetry
Seed of Discovery

APRIL 9 - THURSDAY

MUSIC
Allan Dale
Seed of Discovery

Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte"
Chamber Opera Society
College of Notre Dame, LeClerc Aud.
8:15 P.M.

Dion and Keith Sykes
The Main Point
Warmth
Western Maryland College
Westminster, Md.
8:30 P.M. - \$1

Theatre
"Show Boat"
Lyric Theatre 8:30 P.M.

Lecture
Dick Gregory
Morgan State College - Student Un
1 P.M.

John Barth
Goucher College - College Ctr.
8:30 P.M.

APRIL 10 - FRIDAY

MUSIC
Bette White
Seed of Discovery

Allan Dale
Son of Coffee Grounds

Kathleen Treason, folk concert
Goucher College - lecture hall
8 P.M. - Free

Dion and Keith Sykes
The Main Point

Warmth
Universal Panacea

Theatre
"Play With A Tiger" by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Miller
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

Show Boat
Lyric Theatre 8:30 P.M.

What Is Choreography
Theatre U

Twelfth Night by Shakespeare
Baltimore Performing Arts Workshop

TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE
CALENDAR, call 243-2150, or write
CALENDAR
"HARRY"
233 E. 25th Street
Baltimore, Md. 21218

People's Action Center 889-0065

American Friends Service
Committee - Draft coun-
seling. 366-7200

Baltimore Transit 539-5000

Police Emergency 222-3333

Fire 685-1313

Fire Ambulance 685-2440

Coast Guard Rescue 789-1600

Planned Parenthood 732-3550

GOD 944-2540

Learning Action Center 235-1273

HARRY 243-2150

Black Panther Party 342-8536

Youth Interest Program 366-7188

Dial-A-Fascist 821-7171

Crisis Center 539-5303

ACLU 685-5195

Legal Aid Bureau 539-5340

Women's Liberation 366-6475

G.I.'s United 665-9615
235-8310

APRIL 11 - SATURDAY

MUSIC
Crack
Bluesette

Bette White
Seed of Discovery

Allan Dale
Son of Coffee Grounds

Kathleen Treason, folk concert
Goucher College - lecture hall
8 P.M. - Free

Dion and Keith Sykes
The Main Point

Warmth
Universal Panacea

Theatre
"Play With A Tiger" by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Miller
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

Show Boat
Lyric Theatre 8:30 P.M.

What Is Choreography
Theatre U

Twelfth Night by Shakespeare
Baltimore Performing Arts Workshop

APRIL 12 - SUNDAY

MUSIC
Lee Sherman
Seed of Discovery

Yoga and Your Mind
Anuraya Vimalananda
JHU Leverell Hall - Sherwood Rm.
8 P.M.

APRIL 13 - THURSDAY

MUSIC
Lee Sherman
Seed of Discovery

James Dickes
Excess Community College
12-10 P.M. - 8 P.M.

APRIL 14 - FRIDAY

MUSIC
Aur
Bluesette

Gregory Omar Kihn
Seed of Discovery

Blackfoot Smoke
UMBC
\$1.50

FREE ROCK CONCERT
Druid Hill Park
10 A.M. - 4 P.M.

Rainer Mendel conducting
Balto. Symphony Orchestra
8:30 P.M. - Lyric

Annette Thaler & Greg Hawkins
Orange Propeller
8 P.M.

Robert Adams, piano and
Christopher Kantner, flute
Peabody Conservatory
8:30 P.M. - Free

Steve Smulan
Crack of Dawn
Warmth
Cross Roads
Bette White
Universal Panacea

Theatre
Play With A Tiger by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
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Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Baltimore Film Festival - Part I
University of Baltimore
8 P.M. - \$1

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Personal Cinema Group -
Underground Films
Maryland Institute
8 P.M. - \$1

APRIL 15 - SATURDAY

MUSIC
Aur
Bluesette

Gregory Omar Kihn
Seed of Discovery

Blackfoot Smoke
UMBC
\$1.50

FREE ROCK CONCERT
Druid Hill Park
10 A.M. - 4 P.M.

Rainer Mendel conducting
Balto. Symphony Orchestra
8:30 P.M. - Lyric

Annette Thaler & Greg Hawkins
Orange Propeller
8 P.M.

Robert Adams, piano and
Christopher Kantner, flute
Peabody Conservatory
8:30 P.M. - Free

Steve Smulan
Crack of Dawn
Warmth
Cross Roads
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Baltimore Film Festival - Part I
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Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Personal Cinema Group -
Underground Films
Maryland Institute
8 P.M. - \$1

APRIL 16 - SUNDAY

MUSIC
Aur
Bluesette

Gregory Omar Kihn
Seed of Discovery

Blackfoot Smoke
UMBC
\$1.50

FREE ROCK CONCERT
Druid Hill Park
10 A.M. - 4 P.M.

Rainer Mendel conducting
Balto. Symphony Orchestra
8:30 P.M. - Lyric

Annette Thaler & Greg Hawkins
Orange Propeller
8 P.M.

Robert Adams, piano and
Christopher Kantner, flute
Peabody Conservatory
8:30 P.M. - Free

Steve Smulan
Crack of Dawn
Warmth
Cross Roads
Bette White
Universal Panacea

Theatre
Play With A Tiger by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

Head by Cavalieri & Hartford
Train Station by Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

The Impossible Years
Spotlighters

T.B. by Archibald McLeash
Church of the Redeemer

Films
Baltimore Film Festival - Part I
University of Baltimore
8 P.M. - \$1